

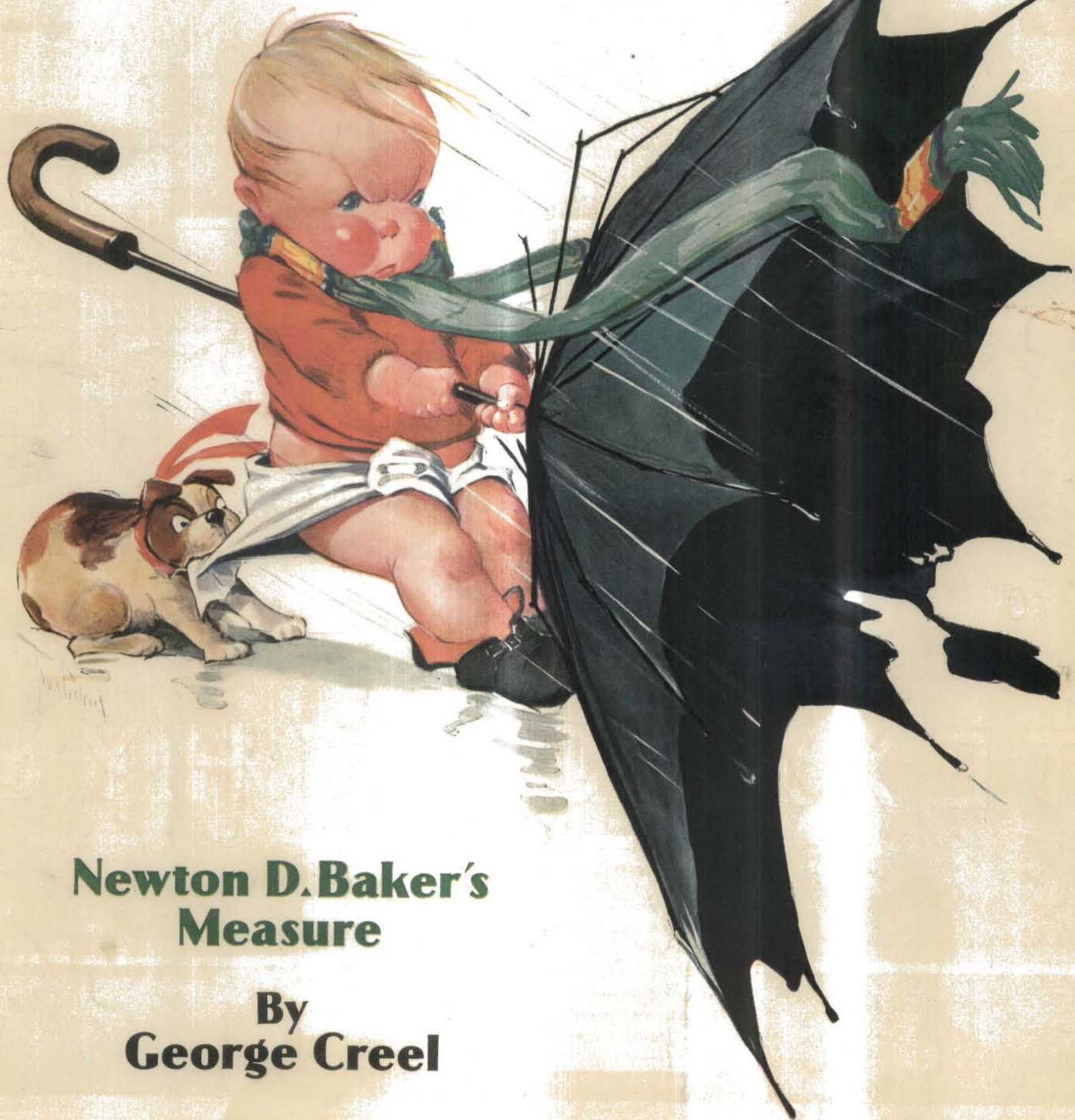
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

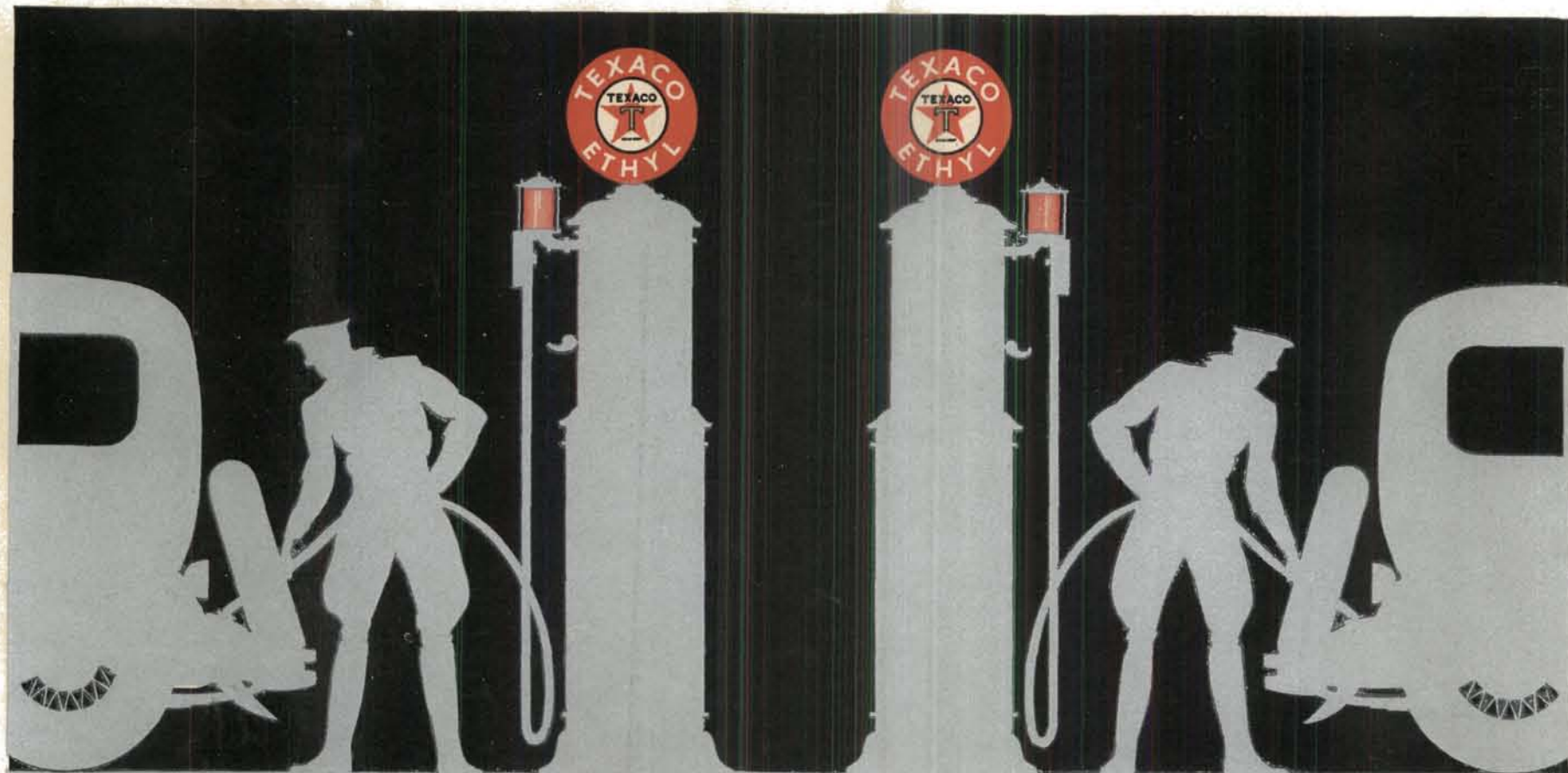


**Newton D. Baker's
Measure**

**By
George Creel**

MARCH 19, 1932

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AT a time when values are being weighed as never before, it is significant that in two short years DRY* Texaco-Ethyl has achieved a position of leadership among premium fuels. Such outstanding preference can be explained in only one way

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BETTER GASOLINE

TEXACO-ETHYL

WHY DRY* GAS IS BETTER

Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • Texaco Petroleum Products

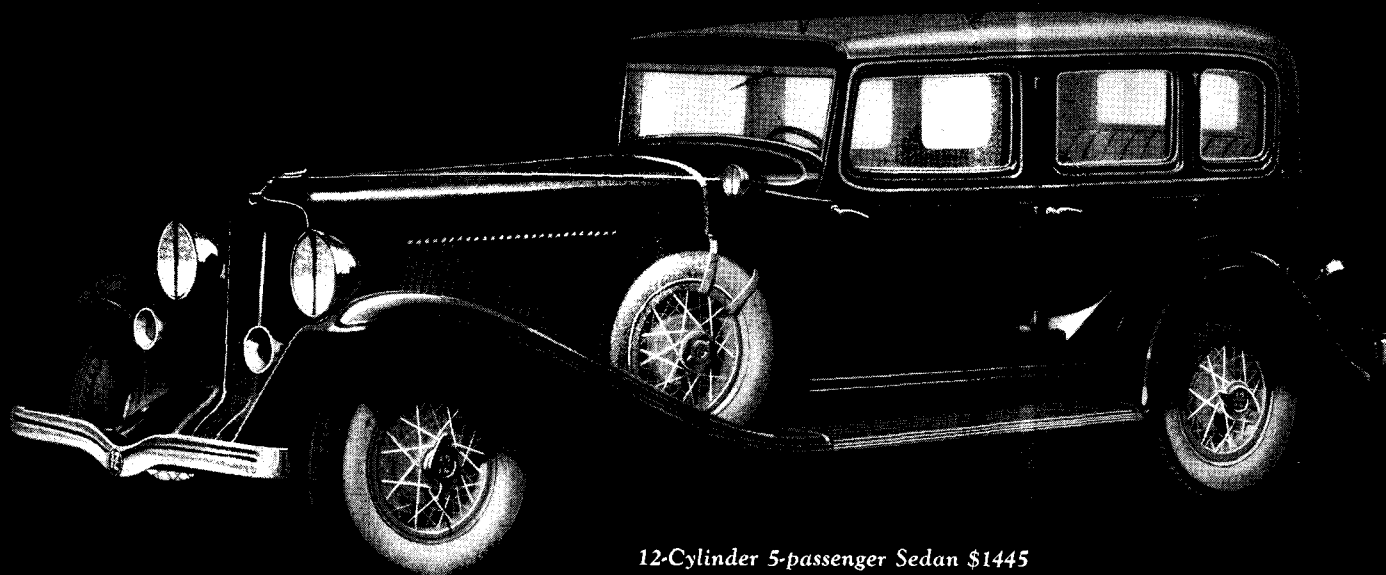
Auburn Repeats

Auburn's success is the result of being first with improvements—of giving a larger, stronger, finer automobile of greater value for less money. To maintain leadership in this, the industry's most competitive year, Auburn introduces a new Twelve. It accelerates faster—it runs faster and smoother—it climbs hills faster and easier—it has more Horse Power than any other Twelve—it offers advantages, including Dual-Ratio, obtainable in no other car! Those are some of the sensational claims made for Auburn's new Twelve. Claims that electrified the industry. Claims that amazed the public. Claims that have been investigated by car owners everywhere. As a result, the acceptance for Auburn today is the greatest in its history. Auburn offers a 5-passenger 4-door Sedan, with 133-inch Wheelbase, 160 Horse Power 12-Cylinder motor, and many outstanding improvements including Dual-Ratio, for \$1555 less than the lowest priced competitive Twelve Sedan. The reason for Auburn's continued success is self-evident.

Auburn "12" and "8" Custom Models include DUAL-RATIO

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12-Cylinder 5-passenger Sedan \$1445

Standard Models 12-160: Business Coupe \$1345; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1395; 4-door Full Sedan \$1445; Convertible Cabriolet \$1495; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1595; Speedster \$1595. Custom Models 12-160A: Business Coupe \$1545; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1595; 4-door Full Sedan \$1645; Convertible Cabriolet \$1695; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1795; Speedster \$1795. Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. Standard Models 8-100: Business Coupe \$845; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$895; 4-door Full Sedan \$945; Convertible Cabriolet \$995; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1095; Speedster \$1095; 7-passenger Sedan \$1145. Custom Models 8-100A: Business Coupe \$1045; 5-passenger 2-door Brougham \$1095; 4-door Full Sedan \$1145; Convertible Cabriolet \$1195; Convertible Phaeton Sedan \$1295; Speedster \$1295; 7-passenger Sedan \$1345. Prices f. o. b. Connersville, Ind. Equipment other than standard, and wire wheels, all models, at extra cost. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., Auburn, Indiana. Division of Cord Corporation.



Next Week

IF YOU have acquired the notion that the Broadway citizens about whom Damon Runyon writes in his popular stories have hearts as hard as their eyes you will be shown your error by "Little Miss Marker," in next week's issue. After a great deal of quiet reflection we have decided that we like "Little Miss Marker" best of all the Runyon stories we have presented to a quivering world. We're persuaded to it by sentimental reasons, of course. Miss Marker was a little doll. Regret, the horse player, after a look at her teeth, judged her to be three years old, rising four. She had been left with Sorrowful, the book-maker, as a marker for a two-dollar bet and her father hadn't returned to claim her. So Little Miss Marker became Sorrowful's charge and Regret, Big Nig, the crap shooter, a guy named Sleep-out and other citizens took a hand in her upbringing. They taught her several things we think no child should know, but we forgive that because they really were trying very hard to protect her from life.

By all means read "Little Miss Marker," and if you sob gently at the end you will have plenty of company.

THEN back with a jerk to the more sober affairs of this insistent world and talk about taxes. It's an unpleasant subject and we hesitate to mention it; but, after all, taxes have to be faced and paid and we might as well dive into the mess and find out where all our tax troubles come from. Most of them, as William G. Shepherd points out in "Tax Everyone But Me," come from war and that's something to remember when the troops go marching by.



TO HEAR an amusing little love story we visit the great jewelry store of McFee-Ferrier-Sloan, where young Richard Jenkins is trying to be house detective and where Anne Averill, efficiently beautiful, is secretary to Mr. Alexander Sloan. The romance is gay and of course there is an attempted robbery, for there is no sense in having a jewelry store in a story if you don't work in a couple of thieves. But you will have a good time and learn a great deal about jewels. We've checked up all the information and it's all true. "Rubies Aren't Blue," by Sidney Herschel Small.

T. R. YBARRA, doing an excellent job of listening in Paris for Collier's, reports what the French are saying about America, Germany and international affairs generally in "France, Top Dog."

MR. TUNNEY discusses his first Dempsey fight; Jeffery Farnol contributes a short short story; William MacHarg uncorks another adventure of his Detective O'Malley; Arthur Train, Arthur Somers Roche, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster and still others write with such vigor that we suspect spring is in the air.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

March 19, 1932

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Latitude vs. Longitude.

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CUT OUT THE DEAD WOOD.



Any Week

IF YOU want to know about the outlook down this way," writes Mr. Trent Crown of Jackson, Mississippi, "it's good. The legislature, finding trouble to locate enough change in the treasury to pay their own wages, are putting what we call a nuisance tax on cigars and cigarettes and are about to tax bachelors ten dollars a year. And it's all right. The cigars our fellows smoke are nuisances and according to the law they have decided a bachelor is any unmarried man between 30 and 60 except widowers. Harvey Lindsley, a bachelor friend of mine, took it up with a married certified public accountant and they figured that it is cheaper to pay the ten-dollar tax than to support a wife, although I don't know. I was speaking to a prominent matron down here the other day and she says that if she was sure of getting ten bucks a year from her old man she would forgive all."

JUST because we publish a random idea now and then in this column you mustn't assume that we endorse it. So saying, we set forth a few words from Mrs. Elizabeth Hanes of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania. "Put all liquor under government control," says she, "but instead of letting the individual quota be determined by economic standing, let it be decided by a battery of intelligence tests. Low I. Q., low quantity of liquor. And conversely. This should eliminate all difficulties (except bootlegging), for an intelligent person does not drink to excess."

TOO late comes an invitation to attend an entertainment at the rural school on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation near Oglala, South Dakota. Reading the program makes us mourn our absence. It was opened with prayer by Mr. Asa Ten Fingers, who was followed with Advice by Mr. Harry Red Ear Horse; How is Your Heart by Mr. Basil Broken Nose; What is a Home Without a Broom by Dora Red Ear Horse and When the Time Comes to Farm You Depend on Who? by Mr. John Little Killer.

OUR Premier, Mr. Taschereau," writes Mr. Burns MacVickar of Quebec, "has announced an additional tax on spirits. The tax goes to the unemployed. And now if you refuse a beggar on the streets he tells you to go buy yourself a highball."



BUT what worried us was the apparent apathy of our readers toward the Sino-Japanese imbroglio. Belatedly they are coming in. We are glad to see that there is not a bugle call in the lot. All filled with peace. For example, this from Mr. Harry B. Taber of Conway, Arkansas. Let us mind our own business, counsels Mr. Taber. "I say," says he, "that Japan is just as clearly in the right in putting down banditry in China as we were in Mexico, if any."

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to

read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

It is a personal message to the man who realizes that business conditions have radically changed in the last few years, and that there is a whole new set of rules to be mastered. He feels that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.

We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "What an Executive Should Know" and it will be sent with-

out obligation. It contains the Announcement of the Institute's new Course and Service for men who want to become independent in the next five years. Among the contributors to this new Course are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President*, General Motors Corporation.

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, formerly U. S. Postmaster General.

DR. JULIUS KLEIN, *The Assistant Secretary*, U. S. Department of Commerce.

BRUCE BARTON, *Chairman of the Board*, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Advertising Agents.

JOHN T. MADDEN, *Dean*, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, New York University.

HUBERT T. PARSON, *President*, F. W. Woolworth Company.

M. H. AYLESWORTH, *President*, National Broadcasting Company.

THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation.

DEXTER S. KIMBALL, *Dean*, College of Engineering, Cornell University.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary \$6,000; now Vice-President and General Manager, salary \$18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at \$5,200; now Regional Manager, salary \$15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary \$6,000; now President, salary \$21,600.

Send for this Booklet

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

Why not investigate *now*? The booklet pictured at the left costs nothing and places you under no obligation.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 615 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

BUSINESS POSITION.....



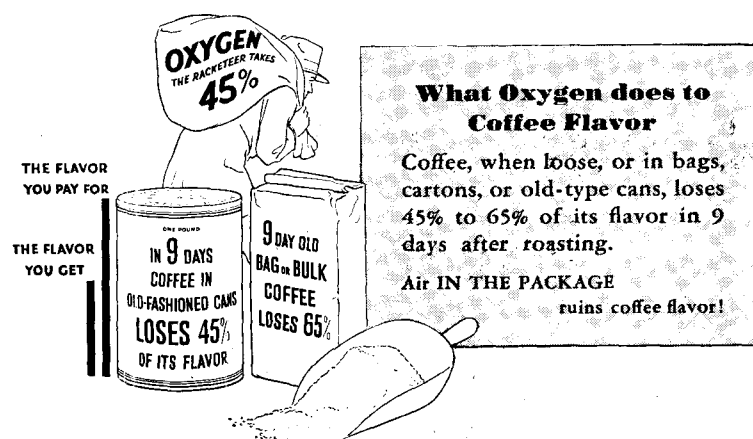
For the Man who wants to be Independent in the next 5 years

THE little book pictured above should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It explains some of the changes which are taking place in the business world today. It tells how you can equip yourself to take your

place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially. The coupon at the right will bring it to your desk. Send for your copy today.

Don't let Oxygen steal the coffee flavor you PAY for!

Maxwell House, packed by the Vita-Fresh Process prevents this theft of flavor



"Norah, your coffee was just perfect this morning. You made it a little strong yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am. I forgot yesterday and used as much of that new Maxwell House as I used to use when you bought that other kind."

FULL FLAVOR FULL VALUE

HEAR LANNY ROSS
AND THE MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE
Now in its sixth year — and delighting more millions every month. See your newspaper for the time and station

THE destroyer of coffee flavor is Oxygen in the air. It begins its work of flavor-robbing the moment coffee leaves the roaster.

So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

Enjoy a flavor revelation

Maxwell House has long been famous throughout the world for the incomparable perfection of its Southern blend. But no matter how much you have enjoyed it in the past, a new treat awaits you at your first sip of Maxwell House as it comes to you protected by the Vita-Fresh Process.

This new protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week.

Ask your grocer today for a pound, sealed and marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Its smooth full-flavored deliciousness will delight you more than any coffee you have ever tasted.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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Good to the last drop

Newton D. Baker's Measure

Mr. Creel has known Newton D. Baker intimately for the last twenty years and, as chairman of the Committee on Public Information, was officially associated with him throughout the war. Few men can write so authoritatively about the most hidden personality in American public life

By George Creel

HARD-BOILED politicians of the "Oh, yeah" school may have an idea that Newton D. Baker's refusal to be considered as a Presidential candidate is nothing more than premeditated coyness, but evidence in support of his sincerity is already piled high and keeps piling.

It is an open secret, for instance, that he could have had the Ohio delegation for the taking, yet he vetoed the suggestion firmly and finally, and when various Southern leaders offered to put their states behind his candidacy, the answer was a flat rejection. It is equally a fact that certain Democratic powers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and North Carolina promised a winning fight for delegations if he would only permit the use of his name, and again Mr. Baker rejected the proposals. In much the same manner he has sat down on the seething enthusiasm of the American Legion, a body virtually a unit in whole-hearted regard for their war-time boss.

Even without these proofs of disinclination, there is still ample reason to credit Mr. Baker with absolute honesty when he insists that he is not seeking the Democratic nomination and does not want it. Out of a life that now measures sixty years, he has spent a score in public service, and the record shows that there was never an office he did not try to escape. At no point has he ever spared effort to remain a highly private citizen, surrendering only when faced by what seemed an imperative call to public duty.

The Joys of Private Life

A variety of causes are back of this unique attitude. First of all, he holds to an old-fashioned belief that the office should seek the man. In the second place, he has a real and very active distaste for public life. His idea of a happy existence is to practice law by day and have the evenings free for his family, his books and his friends. No man was ever more in love with peaceful, ordered hours, or so free from the itch for acclaim. The limelight, instead of creating the usual grateful glow, induces a painful rash. Back in 1926, even as today, there was a movement to put him forward as a Presidential candidate, and the following excerpt is from a letter that he wrote to Ralph Hayes, his former secretary:

"I have held public office often and long, and I cannot remember ever having even a momentary thrill of pleasure

out of the glory and honor end of it, while I can remember long periods of anxious concern and distress, on Mrs. Baker's part chiefly, which no amount of kudos could compensate for. The President is the loneliest and most defenseless prisoner in the world, and I doubt very much whether any President from Washington down to Coolidge ever spent as many happy hours in four years as I now habitually spend in each month that I practice law and grub potatoes. Nor do I imagine that my children would either be made happier or their paths in life made easier by my leaving them as a heritage the record of my having been President. On the contrary, sensible young people though they are, they might get puffed up, and puffed-up people are unpleasant and unhappy."

Handicaps to Politics

Along with the feeling expressed in this letter, Newton Baker also has a curiously set conviction that he is unfitted for political life. He has no mane to fling back in moments of high oratory, his voice refuses to make the welkin ring and, while the friendliest soul in the world, a loathing of charlatanism makes it impossible for him to clap shoulders with the fulsomeness demanded by political custom.

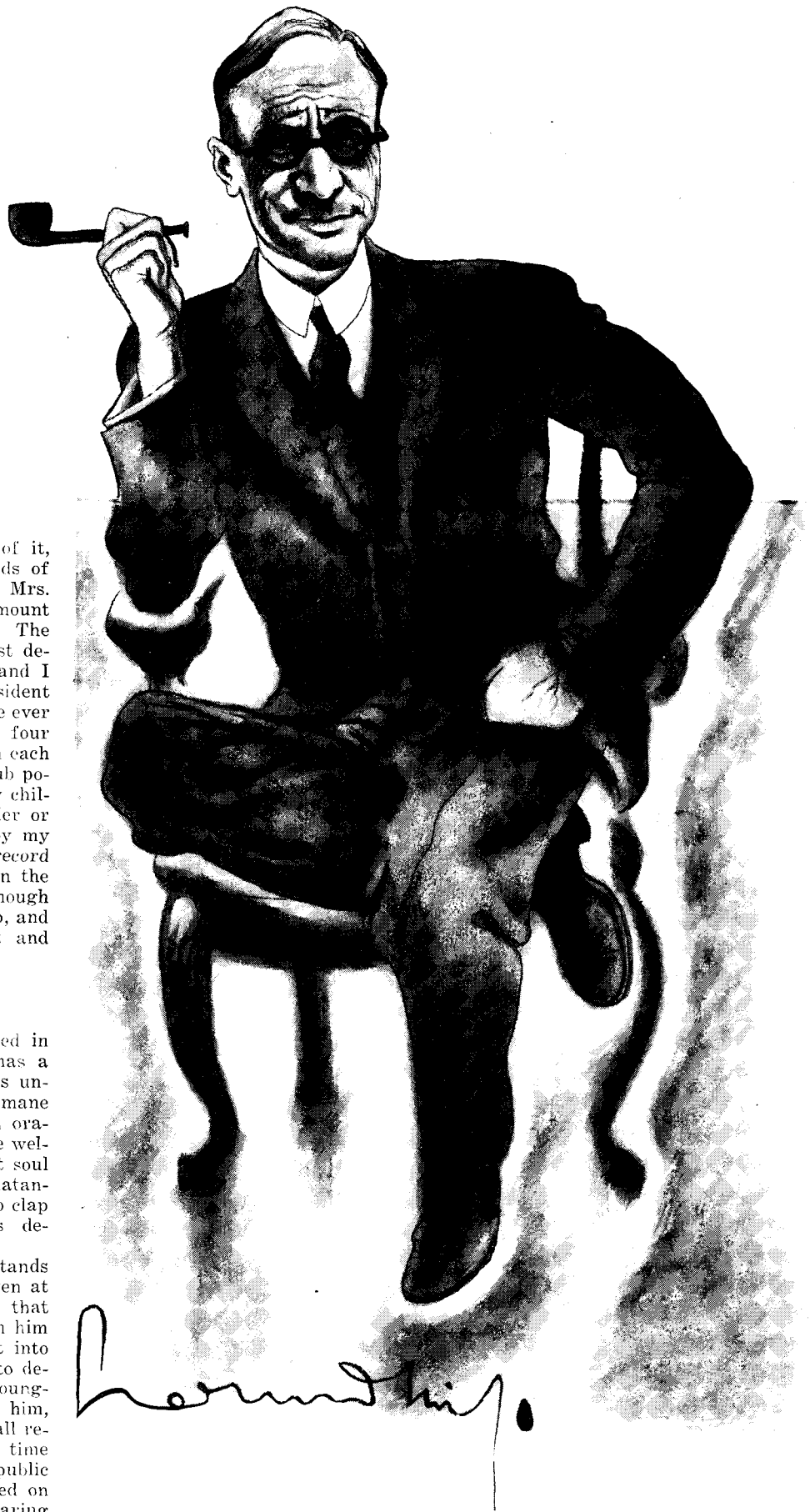
Greatest handicap of all, he stands only a little over five feet, and even at sixty retains the slim boyishness that used to make doorkeepers question him suspiciously when he tried to get into auditoriums where he was billed to deliver the principal address. As a youngster this lack of stature bit into him, and the passing years brought small relief. He grew into manhood at a time when beef dominated America's public life, no man who could be weighed on anything less than a hay scale daring to stand for office, and the conviction of his own inadequacy took enduring shape.

His father, a book-loving country doctor, encouraged this view, for doubtless due to four years in the Confederate Army, fighting under "Jeb" Stuart, he himself had an aversion to politics. Making his little son an inseparable companion, he took him with him on his rounds, and while Dr. Baker paid his calls, Newton dug deep into some classic that the two talked over as the old horse jogged along rural roads. When, therefore, he left Martinsburg, West Virginia, to practice law in Cleveland, his own taste for private life was reinforced by the pleasing thought that a political career was only for portly, wattled men.

Where he made his mistake was in coming under the eye of Tom Johnson. That dynamic Saul of Tarsus, converted from a career of mere money-making by Henry George, had been elected mayor in 1901, and was in full cry for three-cent car fare, municipal lighting, home rule, tax reform and other ideas designed to end the reign of Special Privi-

lege. Johnson's need was for idealistic youths that he could fire with his own enthusiasm, and before young Baker could protest he found himself neck-deep in the public service.

Elected city solicitor in 1903, he was forced to accept reelection in 1905 and 1907, and in 1909 was the only victorious candidate on his ticket. The press of official duties was heavy enough, for much of the incessant litigation against the reform program went as high as the



Calmness, competence and an air of quiet efficiency are characteristic of Newton D. Baker

Supreme Court, but there were also the tent meetings that figured as a feature of Tom Johnson's tireless campaigns.

That rebellious iron molder, Peter Witt, had no peer when it came to "skinning a skunk," and the mayor was unmatched in answering questions, but on "Newt" fell the task of putting issues before the audiences, for his was the gift of simple, telling phrase, driving straight to the point with never a wasted word nor an angry one. Disliking personalities, and concerned entirely with ideas, he could handle the most controversial subject with an effect of fairness and open-mindedness that proved singularly disarming.

In the opinion of competent judges, Newton Baker is the most forceful, persuasive and convincing speaker in American public life. Even in those early Cleveland years he had no need for notes, due to the orderly processes of his trained mind, and practice has developed this facility to the point of genius. No matter how important the address, he speaks without a line of writing before him, yet when he has finished, after half an hour or an hour, what he has said could be printed as literature without the change of a word. Added to amazing fluency and a rare choice of words there is the deeper appeal of sincerity, for he never talks except when he has something to say, and says nothing that he does not believe with all his soul.

No Rest for the Competent

At the end of his fourth term in 1911, the unhappy city solicitor counted confidently on a return to private life, but to his dismay the Democrats drafted him as their mayoralty candidate, and surprise was added to dismay when the people elected him by the greatest majority in the city's history. He was re-elected in 1913, and could easily have had a third term, but helpful circumstances enabled him to give the petitioners a flat and heartfelt refusal. The three-cent fare was in effect, a municipal lighting plant in successful operation, likewise a new charter based on Home Rule principles, and the city's right to rich lake-front lands had been vindicated. The reforms for which he had enlisted were accomplished, and he claimed the privilege of returning to his abandoned law practice, his family, his books and the somewhat important business of making a living.

Before he had finished furnishing his office, however, there came a telegram from President Wilson asking the ex-mayor to take the post left vacant by the resignation of Secretary of War Garrison. It was by no means a shot in the dark, as many supposed, for back of the request was a friendship of years. As a student at Johns Hopkins, Mr. Baker sat at the feet of Professor Wilson, and as a delegate to the Baltimore convention in 1912 he waged a successful fight to release Ohio from the unit rule, carrying its delegation's votes to Woodrow Wilson.

Moreover, it was not the first offer of a Cabinet post, for back in 1913 Mr. Wilson had asked his former pupil to take a place in the official family as Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Baker, thankfully enough, had been able to refuse on the ground that he could not possibly leave his Cleveland fight, but now he had no such excuse, and the President pressed acceptance as a matter of public duty.

From his home town, where people knew him, came a chorus of praise, Republicans joining with Democrats in declaring that the President had made a splendid choice, but all of it was a whisper compared to the roar of disapproval that went up from the rest of the country. Baker's pacifist views were un-

earthed and paraded and, by way of helping the hue and cry along, the Washington correspondents looked him over and decided that he was both unfit and a misfit. At no point did he meet their conception of a forceful executive, for he never raised his voice, carefully abstained from pounding the desk and—crime of crimes—at some point in the first interview mentioned his garden and confessed to a love of flowers.

There is now a definite disposition to do Mr. Baker some measure of justice, largely inspired by generous and authoritative voices, for not only have General Pershing and General Dawes paid him splendid tributes, but General

there been any honest interest in the real character of the man. Border security, not war, was his object, and in spite of chauvinism at home and Mexico's ugly attitude, he drove straight to his goal. This done, he turned to the task at hand and made the swift yet searching survey that is always Newton Baker's approach to every problem.

"I never saw such a man for going to the heart of things," a lawyer said to me while in Cleveland. "I was associated with Baker in a case for the Federal Reserve, one that vitally concerned its functions and powers, and what do you think he did? Read every damned decision of the Supreme Court in bank-

in painstaking detail. Its three fundamentals were concerned with the adequate training, adequate officering and speedy mobilization of the Army, improvement in Navy equipment and personnel and an organization of the industrial, commercial, financial and social resources of the nation.

Out of the last suggestion came the formation of the Council of National Defense, but the big idea of the memorandum, unhappily, went unheeded. What Mr. Baker had the vision to urge was government control of necessary industrial plants in event of war, the owners receiving only a continuance of normal dividends—a plan that would have made profiteering impossible.

Tom Johnson, writing before his death, testified that "Newton Baker, while the youngest of our Cabinet, was the head and chief adviser." The forcefulness and farsightedness that won this tribute were put to work at once in Washington, but hidden under the same air of calmness and mildness. Cutting red tape with unsparing hand, and putting the best man in every key position, he tightened the ramshackle War Department into a compact, smooth-running machine, yet all so quietly that few realized the sweeping nature of the changes.

Short Cuts to Efficiency

The full test of his courage, however, came when Congress adjourned on March 4, 1917, without passing either the Deficiency bill or the Army Appropriation bill. As a matter of fact, the billions needed for preparation were not authorized until June 15, and even then the money did not become available until July 1. For a full month before the declaration of war, and for two months after the declaration, the War Department was entirely without funds.

To meet an unprecedented situation Mr. Baker took unprecedented action. Men who had furnished supplies for the mobilization of the National Guard on the Mexican border were saved from bankruptcy by bold and utterly illegal expedients, and the Quartermaster General was ordered to go ahead with his purchases as though the money was in hand. As early as April, contracts were let for thirteen training camps for officers, and in May he authorized the commencement of work on the thirty-two cantonments, an \$800,000,000 undertaking.

"But, Mr. Secretary," protested department heads, all green about the gills, "there's a penalty of fine and imprisonment for—"

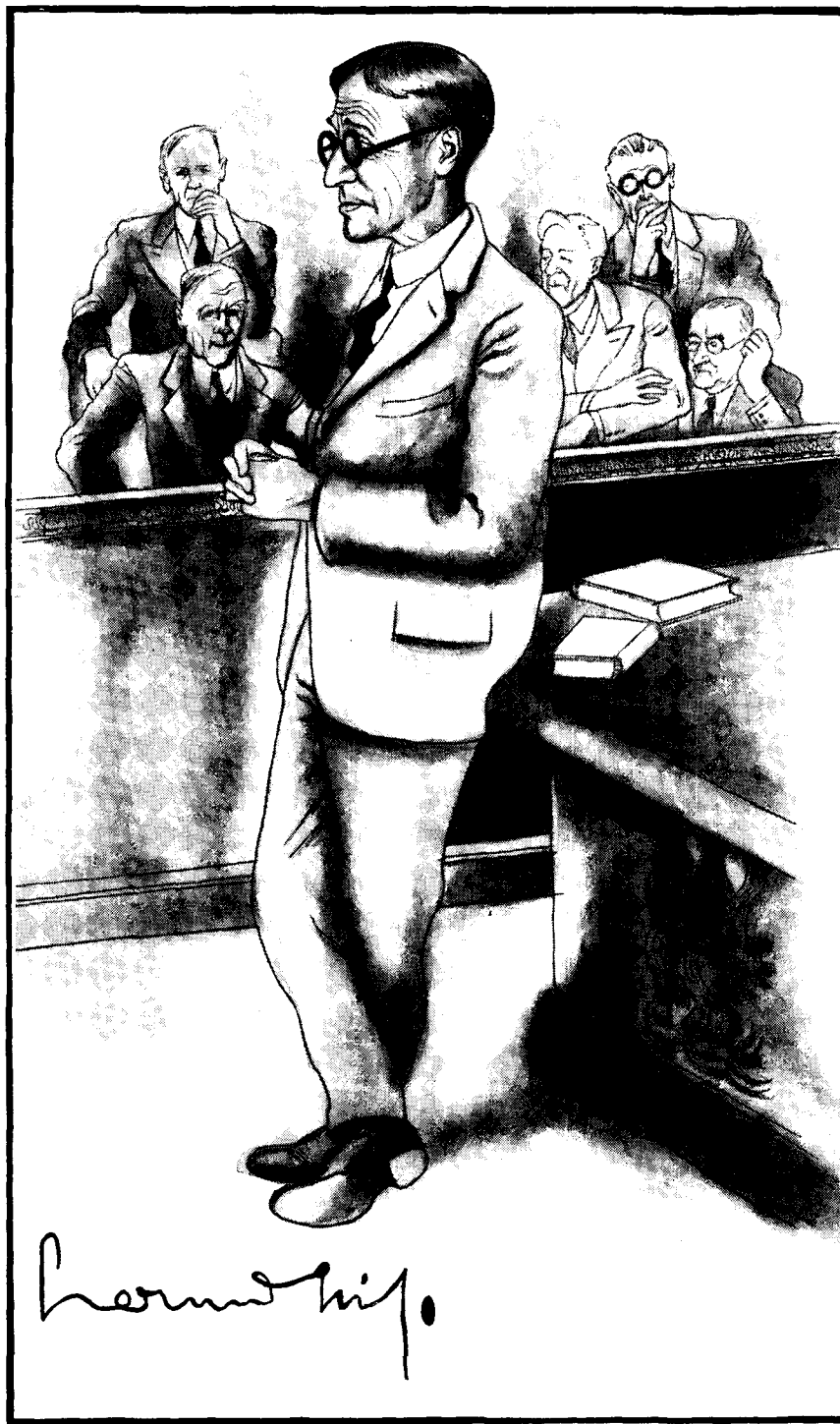
"I assume full responsibility," he said, and turned away to order the expenditure of more millions.

A Militant "Pacifist"

The amazing feature of it all was not so much the courage of the man as his persuasiveness, for the hard-headed industrialists who accepted his contracts were entirely without assurance, other than his word, that their bills would ever be honored. Honored they were, however, for when the unperturbed Secretary faced a somewhat indignant Congress, representatives and senators were made to see that his "usurpations" had saved months of precious time.

At every point the "pacifist" gave America's military effort a drive that recognized no obstacle, and all without once lifting his voice, pounding a desk or abating one jot of his incredible placidity. It was his mind that conceived the Selective Service Act, holding to it without recession in the face of joint attack by those who wanted the volunteer system, and those who advocated downright conscription. It was

(Continued on page 51)



Drawings by Zdzislaw Czermanski

Serenely, as always, Mr. Baker has vindicated himself before many inquisitions

James G. Harbord, another staunch Republican, is on record with this statement: "My considered judgment is that Newton D. Baker was the greatest Secretary of War in war that our history has yet produced." Not once, however, during his Washington years was there a word of praise to lighten the load he bore, a storm of abuse and ridicule beating down upon him from the first.

He took office at the very moment of Villa's murderous raid, and the manner in which he handled that trying situation would have been illuminating had

ing cases from the time of the court's creation."

A pacifist with all the strength of his being, this pacifism had in it no note of non-resistance. As he told the newspaper men on taking office, "I am so much for peace that I am willing to fight for it." With Europe in flames, and an increasing disregard of the rights of neutrals by belligerents, his logical mind recognized the necessity for measures of sane preparedness, and by early April he handed President Wilson a memorandum that not only outlined a broad policy but set it down

Cows in any Language

Wherein the valorous Sergeant Riley makes a proud boast: There never lived a Riley who was scared of a bunch of cows!

By Charles Layng

THERE could be no question but that the old bull didn't like me. I'd had previous experiences to justify my opinion that the whole carabao tribe disliked me intensely. When this particular specimen lowered his head and began his lumbering charge I was prepared and already on my way, though it was emphatically not the season for sprinting.

The rains had not begun, although it was late May, and the northern Luzon coast was blanketed with heat, layers and layers of it, thick as felt. I hadn't run more than four steps before I was dripping, so I led the chase past Tomaso's house, and Tomaso, hearing me yell, came down from his hammock.

Tomaso was the oldest inhabitant of the village of Damatis, and he weighed, perhaps, eighty pounds, but he hobbled directly into the path of the bull and began giving him a detailed description of the ancestry of all carabaos, with individual attention to the one which stood before him. The huge beast skidded to a stop. His ears began to flop sheepishly, and he assumed the expression of a dog who has been caught tearing the Sunday paper into shreds. He even glanced propitiatingly in my direction, but I wasn't to be fooled, for there was still red hatred in the eyes glaring out at me from under that flat skull.

"DID you ever see anyone whom the buffaloes hated as much as they do me?" I asked Tomaso, when the bull had turned tail and gone back to his grazing ground.

"Ah, yes, Señor Medico," he replied, "for the big ones hate all white men, especially Americans, and, worst of all, they hate Sergeant Riley. Our foolish young men who make so much talk of La Libertad might well take the carabao as a model in their striving for Independence. He hates the Americans yesterday, today and tomorrow; with him there is no compromise, no false truces. And I, Tomaso, am the only one in all the world who knows why that is. The carabao cannot sweat, you know, and for that reason the heat disturbs him, and he must go at noonday and cover himself with mud. For that reason, also, when he sees you Americans sweating so profusely he is jealous and hates you."

"But what about this Sergeant Riley?" I insisted.

"Ah, Señor Medico, that is an occurrence of many years ago,

during the wars. It is hot, speech makes me thirsty, and it is a long story, although," he added, brightly, "an interesting one."

The old scoundrel knew my weakness for his yarns, delivered as they were in a piquant mixture of Spanish, English and Tagalog, interlarded with good American cuss words that were ludicrously out of place in such a setting. In half an hour or so, after my bath, we were seated on my veranda, looking out to sea over a scene that, in this particular spot, reminded one more of the islands of the far South Seas than of prosaic Luzon, with its railways, its plantations, and its excellent roads.

The Sergeant Riley was a great sweater, Tomaso began. Like most Americans he was quite unnecessarily large, and he was also thick. He had thick arms and thick legs and a thick body and, above all, a thick neck that was as red as the setting sun that follows a typhoon. Great beads of perspiration always stood out on this neck and, when the carabaos saw this, they became insane. I have seen the fury of the big ones directed against many a white man, I have seen a bull drive his horn into a white man's mouth and out through his forehead, but never before had I seen them in such rages as this Sergeant Riley produced among them.

You've seen our Filipino children ride the carabaos about, and tell them what to do. No later than today, you saw me stop the bull that was chasing you, so that you know the power that we have over the big ones. A boy of nine can manage a herd of them, even when they are angry with a white man. But not so in the case of Sergeant Riley. When they started after him there was nothing that even we could do to stop them.

A brave man, the sergeant was, and a stubborn one.

"There never lived a Riley," he used

to say at first, "who was scared of a bunch of cows."

But the carabaos were even more stubborn and he changed his mind. They chased him every time he stepped out of the small barracks, where he and ten other soldiers were trying to civilize nearly the whole of northern Luzon. He couldn't shoot the carabaos, for the temper of our men was none of the best at the time, and the shooting of one of their valuable animals would have caused more of a stir than the sergeant cared to let himself in for. At first he wouldn't even run, but after the horn of a bull took away the seat of his trousers and a bit of the sergeant himself one day, he changed his mind about that, too, and two or three times a day we would see him tearing through the village, with a carabao two or three jumps behind.

ANOTHER day, a bull chased him through town, into the plaza, and up the steps of the cathedral. The bull would have followed him inside, except that, fortunately for the sergeant, the doorway was narrow and strongly built. His sudden bursting in upon the church services might have caused trouble, too,

(Continued on page 49)

He waited until they were almost upon him, then turned and ran for his life, with the herd in full pursuit

Illustrated by
Frank
Street



The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN STEVENS is in Zeta, the capital of Illyria, visiting her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch. Helen's father, the young Crown Prince Dushan, renounced his right to the throne to marry an American girl. He and his wife died and Helen grew up in America with her mother's father. When that old gentleman died Helen was twenty and accepted an invitation to visit her father's country.

She meets John Brent, who falls in love with her. He had spent a number of years in the diplomatic service in Zeta and is journeying there this time to secure the leases of the Tokar oil fields in the little kingdom for his company. He knows Helen only as an American girl and a well-known tennis player and is unaware of her identity as Helena Stephanie Stephanovitch.

Brent takes Helen to tea in Trieste on the afternoon they land. A man insults Helen and Brent knocks him down. Brent is dragged off to jail. It is not till later that he discovers that the man he attacked is Crown Prince Milan of Illyria. Helen insists that Brent be released, and leaves for Zeta before he returns to his hotel.

Helen is entranced with Zeta, and feels a real affection for her grandfather. She makes a friend of Josephine Ellis, daughter of the American chargé d'affaires, and meets Prince Marko, her cousin. He tells her that the King, disliking Milan, may make Helena Stephanie Stephanovitch the legal heir to his throne.

IV

THE colors of the dream were getting more vivid every moment. "Queen Stephanie of Illyria!" "How absurd!" she falsely protested, but her breath caught in her throat.

"Not in the least!" he retorted casually. "It's nothing to the antics they're cutting up over Carol in Roumania. Anything is possible out here, although it took even me a little while to find it out. You see, although I was born in a ruined castle near Lake Scutari, I was educated first at Oxford and then at Harvard and after that I worked for a couple of years with J. P. Morgan & Company in New York. That's how I got the diamond polish on my English. Then I came home and discovered I was living way back in the fifteenth century. Of course, I couldn't stand it all the time. And I couldn't stand it at all if it wasn't for darlings like Josephine. But nowadays, when one can fly to Rome or Vienna in a few hours, being a

prince isn't half so boring as it used to be—it's rather amusing."

"You can eliminate me from the race to the throne," said Stephanie. "I'm not legally even a member of the royal family."

"That's another thing that has set all the tongues wagging. Every secretary of legation has been calling up the State Department asking how you are to be addressed. Well, I couldn't tell them, so I asked 'Uncle Michael.' You're to be created 'Princess of Dalmatia' and carry the title of 'Your Highness'—not 'Royal Highness' but 'Serene Highness.' So there you are, Your Highness, right on the way to the throne!"

"HOW wonderful!" remarked Josephine coldly. "I certainly congratulate you. But naturally you could not be made anything less than a 'Serene Highness' because you are a direct descendant of Stephan the Great."

"We do not differ in that respect," retorted Marko quickly. "She merely happens to belong to the elder branch."

"Don't let's begin quarreling over the throne!" laughed Stephanie. "I am sure Grandfather will live a great many years yet."

"I believe I'm to meet you tonight at dinner," said Marko, twirling first one mustache and then the other. "Would you regard it as rushing things if I paid my respects to you this afternoon around five o'clock? We might have a game of croquet?"

"I'd love to. You must come, too, Josephine."

But Josephine said that unfortunately she had already made a tea engagement.

The sentries presented arms. Marko saluted and strolled away toward the State Department.

"He seems very nice," remarked Stephanie. "He was talking utter nonsense, of course. Do you think he hopes some day to be king?"

Josephine's expression was one of utter indifference.

"How should I know?" she answered languidly.

The palace dinner, a formidable affair of forty, was saved for Stephanie by reason of the fact that she found herself between General Kosovo and a brusquely humorous

person named Captain Colin Drintyre.

She was surprised at the change wrought in Josephine. In earrings and low-cut velvet evening gown, there was something exotic about her. The buttercup had been transformed into an orchid, and the orchid quite evidently was to Prince Marko's liking.

GENERAL KOSOVO seemed preoccupied and kept his eyes for the most part upon the King. Slumped in his seat in a dress suit of old-fashioned cut, and without what he had called his "feathers," Stephan looked collapsed and shrunken.

"Your grandfather is not so well," confided Kosovo. "He had one of his fainting spells this afternoon. They are coming oftener all the time."

"Has he proper medical advice?" she asked.

"The best that can be got. There are excellent doctors here in Zeta and we have had specialists several times from Vienna. One flew down only last week—Dr. Altmeyer, a world-famous expert."

"What did he say?"

"That your grandfather has too much worry. It is hastening the inevitable. He cannot live over a year at best, but if he continues under his present strain he is likely at any time to pass into a coma from which he will never recover. On the other hand, once the fit passes he shows extraordinary powers of recuperation."

Stephan retired almost immediately after dinner and the party broke up.

"Josephine's nose is getting out of joint!" said Marko gayly as he kissed Stephanie's hand in good night. "You'll have to jolly her up a bit."

"I thought she looked exceptionally happy," answered Stephanie. "What is the trouble?"

"My impression is that she doesn't quite like the idea of my having a new cousin," he laughed. "But I'm not to blame for that, am I?"

STEPHAN was so much better next day that he was able to convoke the Council of Nobles and notify them of his intention to make Stephanie "Princess of Dalmatia," as well as to include the statement of what he had done in his weekly broadcast. She was amused at the relief with which the news was received in the diplomatic circle, as well as at her own satisfaction, in spite of her thoroughly democratic training, in being called "Your Highness."

Accustomed to being in the public eye at home, she was not disturbed to find herself the sensation of the moment in her grandfather's capital. She thoroughly enjoyed the life. She even became accustomed to having every man with whom she was thrown, from mere boys to grizzled generals, pay her extravagant compliments and make covert love to her. Josephine Ellis, who had got over her pique, was constantly at the palace, and she soon became dependent upon Captain Drintyre, who instructed her in Illyrian history, politics and customs, and helped her to a sufficient smattering of Slavic to give her orders to Nikola and the servants and properly return the greetings of her native visitors.

Marko was unrelenting in his attentions, inventing daily pretexts for seeking her society. He was a gay and gallant companion, sensing her moods and adapting himself to them; always courteous, instinctively aware of when to keep silent and when to play the lover. She was not used to men skilled



Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

Stephanie did not know what to reply to this unexpected question, which he seemed to regard as perfectly natural

in the art of pleasing and, although she had had enough experience not to take all that he said at its face value, she felt that he was genuinely attracted and was complimented that a man of his experience of the world, who had lived in half a dozen European capitals, spoke as many languages, and had known so many charming women, should find her alluring. She realized that in some respects he was wholly different from the men whom she had liked at home, but in her dazzling surroundings a dashing beau seemed part of the picture. That he was a bankrupt, a gambler, and a rake she was unaware and the fact that Stephan enjoyed having him about and took pains to include him in their frequent excursions seemed in her eyes the highest sort of recommendation.

Apparently Marko was universally regarded not only as irresistible but as a fine type of gentleman. She herself found him charming, but occasionally she could not help contrasting him with John Brent and not always to Marko's advantage in spite of his facility at love-making. In fact, she often thought of Brent, particularly at night after she had gone to bed, wondering how and where he was and what he thought of her for leaving him so unceremoniously in Trieste. She felt sure that he understood, particularly as she had written him again the week after her arrival in Zeta a nice long, chatty letter which she had mailed back to the hotel to be forwarded. That he had not replied bothered her a little, yet her conscience did not trouble her, for she felt that she had done all she could.

SHE was touched to find a squad of soldiers one morning marking out a tennis court on the parade ground and to learn that her grandfather had ordered the set sent down by air from Vienna. Tennis at once became fashionable and every afternoon the younger members of the diplomatic colony—and some of the older ones—gathered to look on and perhaps attempt a languid game or two. It was perfectly clear, however, that their interest was confined to the physical attributes and costumes of the players rather than their ability to get the ball over the net. There were no girls who could in the slightest degree compete with her and but one or two of the men—among them, as it happened, Marko.

One afternoon, about a fortnight after her arrival, there being no apparent desire on the part of any of the rest of those present to play, she took him on for a set of singles. He was as usual faultlessly attired in white doeskin trousers and a silk polo shirt becomingly open at the neck. Stephanie herself had on her regulation white piqué frock and sneakers that she always wore at home. She had no easy victory, for Marko had a deadly twisting service, with an unexpected high bounce exceptionally difficult to get.

He trusted to it almost entirely, however; his back-hand was weak, and he was lazy about running for the ball. Soon she had him 4-1, driving him to the back of the court and keeping him there until she sent one beyond his reach.

She won a final love game on her service and laughingly ran to the net, extending her hand after the customary fashion. What was her astonishment to see Marko give vent to an explosion of rage in the middle of the court that would have marked him for life in an American tournament. He swore, stamped his feet, shook his fists, ran his fingers through his hair and ended by breaking his racket across his knee and throwing it into the net, after which exhibition he threw a beautiful new polo coat over his narrow shoulders and stalked off across the parade ground



"Don't you see the solution?" She shook her head.

followed by murmurs of admiration from most of the young ladies, who appeared to take it for granted that a man who could allow himself to be beaten by a woman could hardly act otherwise.

NEVERTHELESS she made allowances and in spite of the prevailing undisguised attitude of condescension toward America—which was clearly regarded as a barbarous if not savage country, destitute of even the rudiments of art or culture—managed thoroughly to enjoy herself. Yet, in spite of its novelty and the "kick" she got out of it all, there were moments when she was lonely. Although she was "Princess of Dalmatia" she missed America, especially her morning cup of coffee (she never

could get used to the thick Turkish concoction heavy with "grounds"), her comfortable house at Bradford with its high water pressure, the familiar greetings of her townsfolk, the good old chocolate sundaes and "hot dogs," the Pullman porters, even Len Smith's rickety taxi—most of all her fierce contests upon the tennis courts at Longwood and Forest Hills into which she could throw every atom of her youthful energy.

Her love for her grandfather transcended all other emotions. She and Stephan were inseparable; he was the finest man she knew, and she never ceased to admire his natural simplicity and modesty. Almost every morning, dressed in his peasant's costume, he motored with her, unattended, to one or more outlying villages, where, greeting

the inhabitants by name, he would inquire as to their health, the condition of the schools and the crops, the conduct of the public officials, and invite those who had grievances to get them off their chests. Thus grumbling was prevented and no one was in a position to say that he had not been given an opportunity to ask for justice. Stephanie in the course of a fortnight listened to at least a hundred short conversations such as this:

"GOOD morning, Vuk," the King would address some yellow-toothed ancient. "How is your rheumatism going on?"

"Good morning, Stephan. It is about the same. I don't think it will get any better."

"Not unless you drink water instead of slivovitch! You should drink a gallon of water daily."

"But water is unhealthy!"

"Not if the priest blesses it. Take it to the priest. How is your grandson Glasvik?"

"He has a vampire that sucks his blood; he cannot work. He can hardly leave his bed."

"Have you burned incense before your ikon? And does he keep a candle burning all night before which he has made three times the sign of the cross?"

"Yes, Stephan. But nothing keeps away the vampire."

"Then bring him out and put him in the automobile and I will take him back with me to Zeta. There are no vampires there."

And some poor scarecrow would stagger out and they would whirl him back to the Red Cross Hospital beyond the flying field.

Sometimes they would stop in the middle of a market place and Stephan, without getting out, would summon everybody to gather round.

"Well, boys," he would rumble, "how are you getting on? Is everything all right? How are the lambs coming? This is my granddaughter, Stephanie Stephanovitch. Dushan's child. You all remember Dushan!"

"Yes, yes!" they would answer in chorus, whether they did or not, and all would come crowding up to shake her hand and the women to feel of her dress as well.

"It is not wool!" they would exclaim in protest. "Why don't you give your granddaughter a dress of wool, Stephan? It is not fitting that she should wear those outlandish things. Give her clothes of wool from the Zagorye, Stephan, like your own."

So Stephan took her down to Tokar to the convent, where the nuns made beautiful skirts, with bodices and embroidered tunics, and after that, whenever she went about with her grandfather she wore the costume of the country.

Next to their fear of vampires the peasants' greatest terror was of hydrophobia from the bite not only of dogs but of the frenzied wolves which roamed the mountains. Sometimes they found whole villages armed with rifles, swords and pitchforks, on guard against these maddened animals whose proximity had been telephoned from some other town.

AND once or twice they heard the hoarse bellows of the gyved and imprisoned victims who had not yet been fortunate enough to die. Then Stephan would turn pale under his black tan and cross himself, muttering: "God preserve us all."

In spite of a temporary improvement the King's health became noticeably worse. The victim of an insidious lassitude, his sinking spells occurred more frequently and were of longer and

(Continued on page 41)

A Man Must Fight

Life offers man no greater thrill than that which comes as he faces his supreme ambition. Gene Tunney slowly, methodically, inexorably, has come to the crest of his profession. At last the great Tex Rickard has matched him with the terrible Dempsey. Only one man believes that Tunney will win. And that's Tunney. But let Gene tell it

By Gene Tunney

IT WAS arranged that we should come to New York and sign the contract in the presence of the usual group of writers and photographers. We did this, but my prospective opponent, Harry Wills, and his manager, for reasons best known to themselves, failed to appear. Tex offered Wills the same terms that I was to get. Wills was confident that the Boxing Commission would uphold his prior rights to contendership; so he refused to accept the match and the \$200,000. He continued to pursue his peaceful attitude toward all mankind—excepting carefully selected set-ups.

Wills, poor fellow, was frightfully misguided from a financial point of view. Harry fought but one match after that in which he received a fair-sized purse. It was against Jack Sharkey, six days after my first fight with Jack Dempsey. He received something in the neighborhood of \$25,000 and suffered a technical knockout in thirteen rounds, thereby establishing the unsoundness of the commission's action in making him the leading contender and settling, definitely and finally, his pretensions.

There was a double tragedy occasioned by the Wills-Sharkey fight: the financial tragedy to Wills and the spiritual tragedy to Dempsey. Six days earlier Dempsey had lost his title to an upstart. Had he fought Wills instead of Tunney he would have probably won in a round or two, gotten more money, and retired with the championship. His name would have become immortal among athletes. Dempsey, like Spartacus, would undoubtedly have become a tradition. Instead he selected the one he considered the weaker of the two and became the designer of his own tragedy.

I have often wondered what his thoughts were as he sat, battered and disfigured, confined to a room in the Belmont Hotel, when the report arrived that Sharkey had easily whipped Wills.

Having Wills refuse to meet me was not keeping my hand in the game. Knowing how necessary this was, Gibson and I accepted a match to box Bartley Madden in Minneapolis in the later part of September, 1925. As the months went on I kept getting better. I knew there was but one way to continue this improvement and that was by fighting as often as possible. Madden,

who had not seen me in a couple of years, had not allowed for the possibility of improvement. He flew at me in the first round as he used to at the City A. C., back in 1919 when I was a youngster just discharged from service. Madden, a year earlier, had somewhat deflated the Wills balloon of greatness by holding him off for fifteen rounds.

Whisperings of Scandal

Bartley, though small and not much of a hitter, was very tough and had as game a fighting heart as was ever put in a man. Strict training always bored him. He went into many fights completely untrained, but on getting in fought until he fell. Madden never thought of quitting as a means of ex-

tricating himself from a desperate situation. The left hook that knocked Madden out in the third round, after he had got up from a count of nine, was the best that I have ever delivered. Lou Fink, my faithful trainer, who was with me in all important matches, contends that I never hit as good a blow before or since. Madden dived into the canvas, his flesh quivering as he was counted out.

Again a Tunney victory jeopardized the standing of the black menace—Wills. Something surely had to be done. Madden had discharged his manager a couple of months before his fight with me. This fellow became associated with Paddy Mullins, Wills' manager. On the day the Madden-Tunney fight was to take place in Minneapolis this dis-

gruntled ex-manager went to a certain sports writer and said: "Tunney will score a knockout over Madden tonight. I know it is fixed."

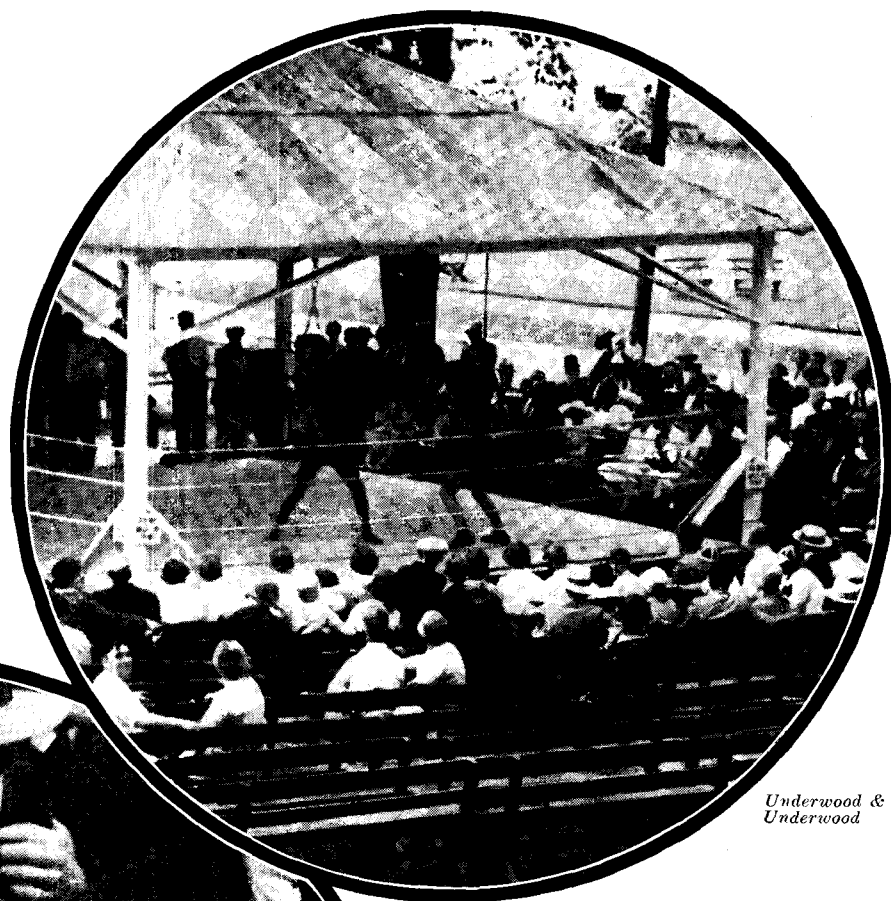
The sports writer worked on a new publication edited by a man whose ethics were no credit to his profession, and whose only thought was to increase circulation. This editor, accordingly, was made the dupe of the chiselers who had a piece of Wills. I do not believe Paddy Mullins was a party to this; but others associated with him in an attempt to ingratiate themselves by advancing Wills at the cost of Madden's and my reputation were.

One of these was the dismissed manager of Madden, who, chagrined because Madden had been matched for an important fight in which he was not to get his managerial cut, gave vent to the malice of his nature. He forgot the previous fights in which Madden was battered around by larger and more skillful opponents; fights in which he shared in everything but the beatings. This is the brand of ingratitude that is so peculiarly a part of a good many managers.

When Managers Get Together

A fair percentage of the managers' profession is a mere racket for parasites. Good managers are, in most cases, necessary for the successful piloting of a young pugilist. There are some managers who take their profession seriously. These managers are almost indispensable to the young boxer in his early years, for it is the tendency of all youngsters in the exuberance of health and the excitement of small success to overmatch themselves. A smart pilot, without disclosing his design, avoids these mistakes. Moreover, he sees that his charge is paid his full worth, that he is properly protected and publicized. Very important responsibilities, these last.

Occasionally a manager will direct the training of a fighter, but this is rare. Licensed trainers are usually hired for this purpose. Though managers will fight and chisel each other, and become bitterly acrimonious toward one another, they meet on one common ground: to oppose any fighter with-



Underwood & Underwood



International Newsreel

Above, Tunney training at Saratoga for his match with Gibbons. Below, the retired heavyweight champion leaving court after winning a \$500,000 suit brought against him by a bookmaker

out a manager. A boxer who was successful without a manager would be a bad example to the other boxers. To make impossible any such evil examples, there is no limit to the conspiring the managers will do.

According to the sensational policy of the publication mentioned above, a long telegram was sent to the promoter, Jack Reddy, to come East at its expense to give testimony as to the honesty of the Tunney-Madden fight. Reddy provided himself with affidavits from George Barton, the referee, sports writer of the Minneapolis Journal and leading boxing authority in the Middle West; the chairman of the Minnesota State Boxing Commission and several responsible newspaper men who saw the fight. When Reddy gave his testimony and presented the affidavits to the self-appointed committee of the publication, in fury they accused him, the referee, the Boxing Commission and all the newspaper men of being party to it. The story was too preposterous for other newspapers to touch.

However, a lawyer to whom I had taken the copies of this publication advised me that there was no outright libel.

Their accusations were made by intimidation and innuendo. They had carefully circumvented the libel laws.

Wills was associated with a powerful and influential ring of chiselers and split-commission men who went the full limit for him—and incidentally for themselves. In my next match, on November 15th, against Johnny Risko, in Cleveland, a story left Cleveland that I had been knocked down in the first round. Risko came as close to knocking me down in that match as I could come to knocking down the Washington Monument.

Jim Corbett Was Wrong

One of the most pleasant experiences of my career came to me that night. I met James J. Corbett and talked with him after the fight. Jim was playing in a local theater and came down to the auditorium to see the match with Risko. He had never seen me box before. I felt because of my sore hands he did not see me at my best. At this suggestion, to my surprise Jim said: "If you had Dempsey in there tonight you would have knocked him out."

I said I did not think so and did not understand his reasoning.

He explained: "When you hit this fellow Risko and had him all but out, which occurred in every round, he'd wrap his arms about his face and cover up, leaving you no opening in which to place a finishing punch. Now if you hit Dempsey a blow like any of those and hurt him, he will not cover up. He doesn't know how. In rushing in he'd leave an opening so that you could get in the finishing shot. When you fight Dempsey fight him exactly as you fought Risko tonight and you'll surely win."

I was to learn that Jim was wrong in one regard. Dempsey did know how to cover up!

I went down to Florida and on January 13, 1926, received a "personal and confidential" telegram from Tex Rickard saying that Dempsey had signed and offering me terms to meet him. After dickering back and forth with Tex and not being able to budge him from his original \$150,000 offer, with an option of 15 per cent, and \$175,000 if the gate went to a million dollars, Gibson boarded a train to have a contract drawn in accordance with these terms.

Rickard advised me not to come up because of a desire to keep the contract secret. He was having trouble with the Boxing Commission. The commission warned Rickard not to negotiate with Dempsey. They had declared Dempsey ineligible because of his refusal to accept the challenge of Harry Wills, which had been on file with the commission three years. They ruled further that any promoter who negotiated with an ineligible boxer would have his license suspended.

Rickard had to feel his way quietly and secretly. He advised me not to engage in any matches. I remained in Florida where I trained systematically and diligently. In February, unable to resist an offer of \$50,000 from a Florida promoter to box Young Stribling, I called Tex up for his permission to pick up this neat sum. When he learned who my opponent was to be he granted permission.

Billy Gibson, who handled the negotiations in the Stribling match, received a \$5,000 binder on signing. The Miami Jockey Club was running at that time and Billy, being a lover of thoroughbreds, invested the binder on some likely-looking horses that turned out to be nags. When the time came for the promoters to meet their second obligation, in accordance with the contract, they were found to be not so responsible. Accordingly the match was called off.

Billy Gibson's Difficulties

The promoters squawked for their \$5,000 binder, which I then learned of for the first time. Though Billy contended that they had forfeited the \$5,000 by not living up to their contract he was persuaded to return it. How he ever dug up the \$5,000 remains a mystery to me; but he did.

Poor Billy's luck had turned against him in earnest. He had no sooner given back the \$5,000 to the promoters than a man named Dietz, for whom Billy had done many favors, swore out a warrant in Palm Beach for his arrest. Billy had given him one of his "insufficient funds" checks for \$2,500. Though a group of us were ready to back Billy with \$50,000 if necessary, we found that the warrant had been issued illegally. It is fortunate for Billy that his judgment in picking fighters was not the same as that which he used in picking his thoroughbreds.

Billy left for New York, where he talked with Rickard. He was advised by Tex to accept an offer from the Pathé Moving Picture Company for me to make a serial picture—The Fighting

Acme

Marine. Rickard thought that it would be fine exploitation. It would keep my name before the public until he was ready to announce the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

Presidents of the United States are not the only persons who have to pose with a fishing line on the front lawn, dress themselves in an Iroquois costume, don overalls to pitch hay in a premature harvest, or go through any of the countless hundreds of asinine gestures for publicity. Even prize fighters have to submit to this.

When the moving-picture contract was drawn I came up from Florida to sign it, after which I went to see Rickard. During this conference Tex became very excited about the prospect of the trouble he felt he was going to have with the Boxing Commission when he announced the match between Dempsey, the ineligible champion, and Gene Tunney for the heavyweight (Cont'd on page 36)

Sept 22 1926
01211

This agreement made and entered into this 20th day of January, 1926,
by and between George L. Rickard of the City, County and State of New York,
party of the first part, and Gene Tunney and William Gibson, Manager of
Gene Tunney, residing in the City and County of New York, State of New York,
party of the second part.

WHEREAS, the said party of the second part hereby covenants and agrees
that GENE TUNNEY will engage in a boxing contest with boxer known as JACK
DEMPSEY, on Thursday, *September 16th* August 15th, at Jersey City, N. J.

WHEREAS, the said party of the second part hereby agrees that said
contest will be conducted under the auspices of the said party of the first
part or by a Club or Corporation designated by him.

NOW THEREFORE, IN CONSIDERATION for the services of boxer GENE TUNNEY,
said party of the first part agrees to pay the said party of the second part
for the said GENE TUNNEY, the sum of fifteen percent of the gross receipts
less Federal and State Tax with a guarantee of one hundred and fifty thousand
dollars, however, in case the receipts should amount to one million dollars
over and above Federal and State Taxes the guarantee shall then be one hun-
dred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The party of the Second Part specifically agrees not to participate in
any boxing contest until after *September 16th* August 15th without the consent in writing of
the party of the First Part.

IT IS FURTHER UNDERSTOOD between the aforesaid parties that this agreement
is to be drawn in accordance with the laws of the State of New Jersey prior to
September 16th August 15, 1926, when forfeits will be determined and such deposits made as are
necessary as evidence of good faith for performance by both parties.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have set their hands and seals this
20th day of January, 1926.

Gene Tunney
William Gibson
Tex Rickard



Tunney and Dempsey just before signing up for their first fight, and Tex Rickard's contract with Tunney

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

RITA CLAYBORNE and Dean Resolve are in love—and Rita is the wife of Sam Clayborne, to whom Dean's father, Sturgis Resolve, owes a million dollars. Knowing that Clayborne, a conscienceless brute, will ruin the Resolves if she secures a divorce to marry Dean, Rita refuses to go to Reno.

Jinny Carpenter, Rita's dearest friend, learns of the situation. She is wealthy and (though no one suspects it) madly in love with Dean. Working secretly, through her attorneys, she supplies Resolve and Company (of which Sturgis Resolve is the head) with nearly a million dollars; Clayborne can no longer threaten the firm.

Hoping to involve Dean and Rita in scandal, and perhaps prevent their marriage, Clayborne shoots himself in the shoulder while Rita looks on. Gossip ensues; but, feeling the Resolves are now safe, Rita goes to Reno.

As the guest of friends who are giving a house party, Dean visits the country. In a few days, Rita will return—free; and they will be married at once. He is radiantly happy. . . . Following an evening at a near-by estate, Dean and Jinny (one of the house-party guests) start home. It is late. The roads are dark. Dean discovers a flat tire. As he changes it, Sam Clayborne, in belligerent mood, drives up, climbs out of his car. "I'm going to fix you two!" he bellows. "And after I do, Resolve, Rita won't want you." "How," Dean inquires calmly, "are you going to do it?"

"Well," Clayborne sneers, "just suppose this girl and you were found in a wrecked car, with evidence all about you that you'd been necking—"

But Dean listens no longer. A heavy wrench in his hand, he steps forward. "Clayborne," he says, "you've needed killing for a long time. Now—"

Then Jinny screams—a scream of terror!

VI

WELL, I'll say this for you two: when you neck, you neck!" Dean, sitting huddled on the ground, his splitting head incapable of coherent thought, stared dully at the speaker. His eyes, traveling upward, took in the square-toed shoes, the puttees, the breeches, the holstered revolver, the blue uniform jacket, the badge of office, the visored cap.

He groaned, attempted to rise, and slipped back to the ground. The officer sniffed the night air appreciatively.

"And something else I'm telling the world," said the policeman. "When you go for the hooch you go for it big, don't you?" His manner of rough good humor left him abruptly. "Well, snap out of it. Get on your feet and we'll take a little ride to the house, and you and the young lady—I suppose that's what I ought to call her—will have a nice night's sleep, and in the morning you'll be fresh and chipper when you tell it to the judge."

"Young lady."

The words brought recollection back to Dean. Recollection of Sam Clayborne's bizarre threats, of his own melodramatic statement. His physical pain was suddenly forgotten in the alarm he felt for Jinny. He called her name.

"Okay," she responded shakily. "But my head—"

"Sure you've got a head," said the officer. "There's enough busted bottles here to give a head to an elephant." His flash played through the darkness. Dean had a quick glimpse of a disheveled Jinny seated on the ground ten feet away, a Jinny whose shoulder straps had been loosened, whose dress was torn.

"You're forcing the season, ain't you, young lady? It's early, I'd say, for bathing beauties. Well, I'll turn me head while you cover yourself, and then we'll go to the station."

Dean groaned again. Sam Clayborne's plot, that in the telling had

seemed merely vicious, not plausible, was working out exactly as he had foretold it. Even to the simulation of their drunkenness, the details were perfect. Dean, now climbing unsteadily to his feet, was almost nauseated by the rank odor of whisky. His shirt—his coat and waistcoat had been pulled off him—was sodden with liquor.

He reached out a hand and supported himself against the car.

"Now, listen here, officer, you're all wrong."

"I'm always wrong," replied the policeman. "Was a cop ever right? I ask you—did a policeman ever make an arrest that the parties didn't swear he was goofy? Lad, I'm so used to being wrong that I'd be knocked over if I ever was right. But the judge is a fine gentleman. He knows a cop can't be right, so he doesn't care if he's wrong. Now, when the lady's dressed—and ain't the girls friendly these days?—we'll climb into me little car and have a nice ride."

EMERGENCY cleared Dean's brain. Now everything came back to him. Jinny had screamed but he had thought that was in fright. He had not realized, until something hit him on the shoulder, that her cry was one of warning. He had forgotten, in his blind fury toward Clayborne, the three men who had been advancing, fan-wise. He had only known one thing: that the desire to kill, a desire he had never felt before, must be gratified instantly. He had felt, that morning three months ago when he had struck Clayborne, the impulse to kill, but it had not been the overwhelming obsession that it was now. The man who could conjure up from the depths of his filthy imagination the plan that Clayborne had devised deserved to die. Nor did such a man rate any chivalry of action. The fact that Clayborne's weapon was not visible meant nothing. It was in his pocket, ready to be used. If Dean could strike first. . . .

But the blow on the shoulder drove him to one side, and the wrench, that should have crashed against Clayborne's head, went whirling to the ground. And another blow struck Dean on the side of the head—and that was all he remembered until now.

"Jinny," he asked in terror, "what—what happened?"

"One of them struck me—just after you fell," she replied. "I wasn't unconscious, but—I've been lying here, not able to move—they—they tore my dress, and—" Her voice broke in an agony of shame.

"Like it was rehearsed," said the officer. His tones were flattering. "As smart a pair, considering how cock-eyed you must have been, as I've ever met. I don't suppose," he went on with heavy sarcasm, "you remember being parked in your car, not even completely off the road, with your lights off and some of your clothes the same, necking and drinking and drinking and necking, and being run into by another car."

YOU don't remember cussing out the people in the other car. Certainly not. You've just been unconscious—no, the lady hasn't been unconscious. She remembers that some bad, bad people tore her dress—get into my car this minute, ye drunken tramps, and—"

"Easy there, officer," said Dean. "You've heard us tell what happened."

"Have I? I've heard some talk between you, but I haven't heard your story. But I have heard the story of the people who knocked you off the road. And I've seen their broken fender—their car is up at Lacy's garage now, and they're waiting with it to make a charge against you."

"They say they ran into us—that we were parked off the road—"

"Sure, a night's rest, and when you listen to the good judge it will all come back to you," jeered the officer.

"But, officer—I tell you we haven't been drinking," cried Dean.

"Nor necking, either," derided the officer. "Sure, I'm no cop. I'm just one of them vagabond adventurers ye read about, and I'm picking daisies along the road and dreaming me dreams, and I made all this up out of me own head. Now I ain't going to argue with you two," he continued with anger. "You'll come along with me this minute, or else—"

"And you'll listen to me," said Dean, with equal anger. "Use your common sense, officer. Do we look like the kind of people that would sit in a car—petting—and get drunk?"

"Nobody looks like that kind," grinned the officer, "but, as near as I can find out, everybody is that kind."

Illustrated by
John H.
Crossman



He reached out a hand and supported himself against the car. "Now listen here, officer, you're all wrong"

"Well, we're not," said Dean, lamely. "Look here, officer, my name is Dean Resolve. I've been dining at the Ruggles place—you know it?"

The policeman stared at him. "Over at Valley Cove? Benjamin Ruggles?"

"That's the place," said Dean. "And we're stopping—the young lady and myself—at the Carter Kingstons'. All you've got to do is take us to the Kingstons, and they'll tell you—"

"What'll they tell me? They can't tell me that you haven't been drinking, that your coat and vest ain't off and the young lady don't look like a Follies girl. What do I care who you are or where you're visiting?"

"But you care about making a mistake that will get you in trouble, don't you?" asked Dean.

SOMETHING in Dean's manner brought disquiet to the policeman.

"What trouble can I get into for doing me duty?" he demanded.

"Your duty," Dean advised him, "is not to go by appearances alone. Do

I speak like a drunken man? Does the young lady act as though she were intoxicated? Use your head, officer."

The officer stared at him doubtfully. "What's your story?" he asked.

"The young lady and I were driving home. I got a flat tire. I stopped and got out to change it. A car drew up. Men got out. They attacked us. That's all I remember—being knocked out."

"Robbed?" The policeman's voice was skeptical.

"I don't know," said Dean. "I haven't had time to look. If you'll hand me my coat—it's on the ground there—"

Still in that mood of indecision—a quality that would prevent his ever attaining promotion—the officer bent over and retrieved the garment. Dean fumbled in the pockets.

"Nothing stolen," he announced.

"Then I don't understand—" began the officer, but Jinny cut him short.

"They didn't dare. They struck me, but I kept on screaming and they were frightened away."

Dean inwardly applauded her quick wit.

"But why would robbers look me up and tell this tale?" demanded the policeman. "And why all these bottles if you hadn't been drinking?"

"They might have thought I recognized them," said Dean. "And, being afraid to go on with their plan, they might have cooked up the story, so that if I knew them—"

"AND did you?" interrupted the officer.

Dean shook his head. To admit that he knew his assailants would be to achieve that very scandal which Clayborne had wanted.

"No," he said reluctantly. He caught the officer's mood. "You say they took their damaged car to a garage. Let's go there—if the car's there, we can trace them. If it's not there, you'll know they lied."

"But their fender was busted," argued the officer.

"Do you know *when* it was damaged?" countered Dean.

"Let the young lady fix herself up," said the officer. "You can't drive this car of yours, any, I'm thinking. If they're not at Lacy's—"

His manner, as he opened the door of his car and assisted Jinny inside, was nicely balanced between brusqueness and deference. But when they arrived at the garage and found that no damaged car had pulled in there for repairs, he abandoned brusqueness and became all solicitude.

"I'm thinking it's a lucky escape the young lady had," he muttered to Dean as they drove off. "There's been a lot of things happening on Long Island, you know. And we cops can't be everywhere. I—I have to make a report of this. You know that?"

"But you don't have to report all we told you," suggested Dean. "If we tell you that someone hogged the road and hit us, and drove off—isn't that enough? We—the young lady and I—wouldn't like anything in the papers, and an attack—well, you couldn't keep that out."

"Well, maybe I don't need to say anything but that there was an accident and you don't know who caused it. But I might know the bozo that told me that yarn if I saw him again, and if I do I'll be pinching him."

And Dean, not believing that Sam Clayborne could have been foolish enough to let the officer get a look at his face, and doubting that whoever had spoken to him would be in the neighborhood soon again, loudly applauded this decision on the part of the policeman.

They parted from him at the Kingston home, and the hundred-dollar bill which Dean pressed into the policeman's hand made him, all the rest of the long night, admire the sense of discretion which had made him finally yield to Dean's arguments.

Wallie Curtis hailed them as they en-

tered Margery Kingston's living-room.

"Well, I'll be darned," he exclaimed. "I'm down here as Jinny's beau, and you take her off and park with her—hey, what's wrong?"

For Jinny, who had handled herself with extreme courage so far, now reeled and collapsed in Dean's arms. He laid her upon a couch and Carter Kingston pressed brandy to her lips. She revived almost instantly, but pleaded with Margery to take her to her room at once.

Margery, ever efficient, put an arm about her waist and, followed by Claire Rentoff and Sally Dempster, they proceeded painfully upstairs.

"For God's sake, Dean," cried Carter, "what happened?"

DEAN shrugged. He would have preferred that so many people did not know what had occurred, but there seemed no way out of it. And he had too much knowledge of the characters of the men, with the possible exception of Deakin, to ask any pledge of secrecy. Slowly, refreshing himself from time to time with a sip of the highball thrust into his hands by Carter, he recounted the happenings of the evening.

"The incredible swine," breathed Kingston as he finished.

"Struck Jinny, eh?" said Wallie Curtis.

"Looks like we'll all be going out in a minute or so," said Deakin.

Dean looked at the big Middle-Westerner. Up to this minute he had esteemed the man as a somewhat blatant though good-humored person. Now he hoped that gossip about Sally Dempster wasn't true, and that Deakin would win her and be happy with her.

"I'd thought of going by myself," he said tentatively.

"With Clayborne all equipped with a party of pals? Oh, no, no," laughed Deakin. "I know how you feel, Resolve. You want Clayborne all to yourself. But I want one of his friends."

"Oh, yeah?" said Carter Kingston. "And I suppose, while you and Dean have fun and games together, that Wallie and I are to hang around the house playing backgammon? Well, you guess again. Didn't you say there were *three* men besides Clayborne? Well, that's one apiece, Dean. Let's go."

Dean eyed the three men.

"I hope you boys understand what sort of a party it's going to be," he said slowly. "Because I want you to know that I'm going to thrash Clayborne within an inch of his life, and if I kill him—well, that will be just too bad."

"WHAT did he say?" asked Deakin. "Any of you gentlemen hear him? Because I didn't. All I know is that Resolve is going looking for Clayborne before he gets away, and that he just told me to go to the nearest police station to get an officer, but that I got mixed up on the road and found myself at the Templars—dear old pal Sam is staying there, isn't he?—before I knew it. And the reason Resolve didn't

(Continued on page 45)



Big Money Byrns

And Why Chicago Was Chosen

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Joseph W. Byrns, looks like a long column of figures to be added up. So for that matter does Will Wood, the Republican whom Mr. Byrns displaced as chairman when the Democrats organized the House of Representatives.

The chairmen of this committee seem to assimilate themselves to the endless sums they have to do. The present chairman is more than six feet tall, gaunt, emaciated even, tired-looking, as he has a right to be. Great bunches of eyebrows, almost like mustaches, shade his weary eyes. He is the hardest man to see in the House of Representatives, because he is always busy.

Preparing the various supply bills is an endless grind that starts with the beginning of a session and lasts practically to the end of it. The House of Representatives is chiefly an appropriations-making body. And the task of trying to hold appropriations down grows heavier and heavier as the government of the United States grows more complicated. And it is especially heavy this year.

The Appropriations Committee is so important a committee that the Republicans once did an unparalleled thing to secure a good chairman for it. They

ignored the seniority rule and passed over the ranking Republican on the committee to make the second Republican on the committee, Martin Madden, chairman. It was Madden who once, in a speech in the House, paid a tribute to Joe Byrns, then the ranking Democrat, saying that he knew neither partisanship nor sectionalism and never spared himself in his service on the committee.

The meetings of the Appropriations Committee are a sort of five-ring circus. One subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee will be holding hearings on the agricultural supply bill; another will be holding hearings on the Navy bill, another on the Army bill, another on the independent offices bill, another on a deficiency bill, all at the same time. When he was ranking Democrat on the committee, Byrns would not only be attending the hearing of his own subcommittee but running around to all the other simultaneous hearings of other subcommittees to see that there was at least one member of the Democratic minority attending.

Now it isn't easy to find five men who will work themselves to the bone over appropriations bills. Ninety per cent of the members of Congress prefer to spend their time attending to the job of getting themselves reelected. And the job of the chairman of the Appropriations Committee is not only doing his own work but seeing to it that at least one Democrat is doing his work in each of the subcommittees.

There used to be a singularly effective pair in the Democratic representation on the Appropriations Committee of the House, Joe Byrns of Tennessee and Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina. Joe Byrns probably misses his old side partner now, for Jimmy Byrnes has gone to the Senate. At the time they were both on the committee the Republicans had their most artful chairman, Jim Good of Iowa, who afterward became Secretary of War in President Hoover's Cabinet.

Jim Good's trick was to juggle figures so as to make an apparent saving for which the Republicans could claim credit. Somewhere in a supply bill would be a one-line item applying an unexpended balance of the year before to some new use in the pending bill. This would not appear in the total for the year since the appropriation had been made the year before. And it was the especial business of Byrns of Tennessee and Byrnes of South Carolina to find these obscure items and explain to the House that the Republicans hadn't made a saving at all.

Their outcries over Republican extravagance probably didn't do much good, for nobody ever does more than look at totals and, if the total for the current year is below the total for the year before, there is a saving, no matter how it is arrived at. But there was some fun in this game of hide-and-seek, especially for the lively Jimmy Byrnes.

But making appropriations bills isn't much fun. It's a grind. You haven't any time to shine in debate on the floor, for you are not much on the floor. You are listening to millions of words of testimony, examining endless details. Why, in this agricultural bill, is it proposed to build this cow barn of brick on an experimental farm? Should the government throw another \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 after the corn borer?

Will Wood dramatized himself by being fierce and sav-

age, a terror to the bureau chiefs who came before him explaining the need for money. Joe Byrns is milder but just as efficient, with a harder job than any chairman ever had, that of actually reducing government expenditures.

He came to Congress a long time ago, devoted to the task of cutting members' salaries. John Wesley Gaines of the Nashville district had just put through a resolution increasing the pay of members from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a year. In those days and in Tennessee \$7,500 a year seemed an unconscionably large amount of money. Joseph W. Byrns, a young lawyer, went after Gaines with a pledge to the voters that if elected he would put the salary of members back to \$5,000.

He beat Gaines on this issue. And every year thereafter he introduced a resolution restoring the old rate of pay, which went into the pigeonhole. He may have to lend his hand this year to lopping off one thousand or two thousand dollars from the members' present ten thousand dollars a year.

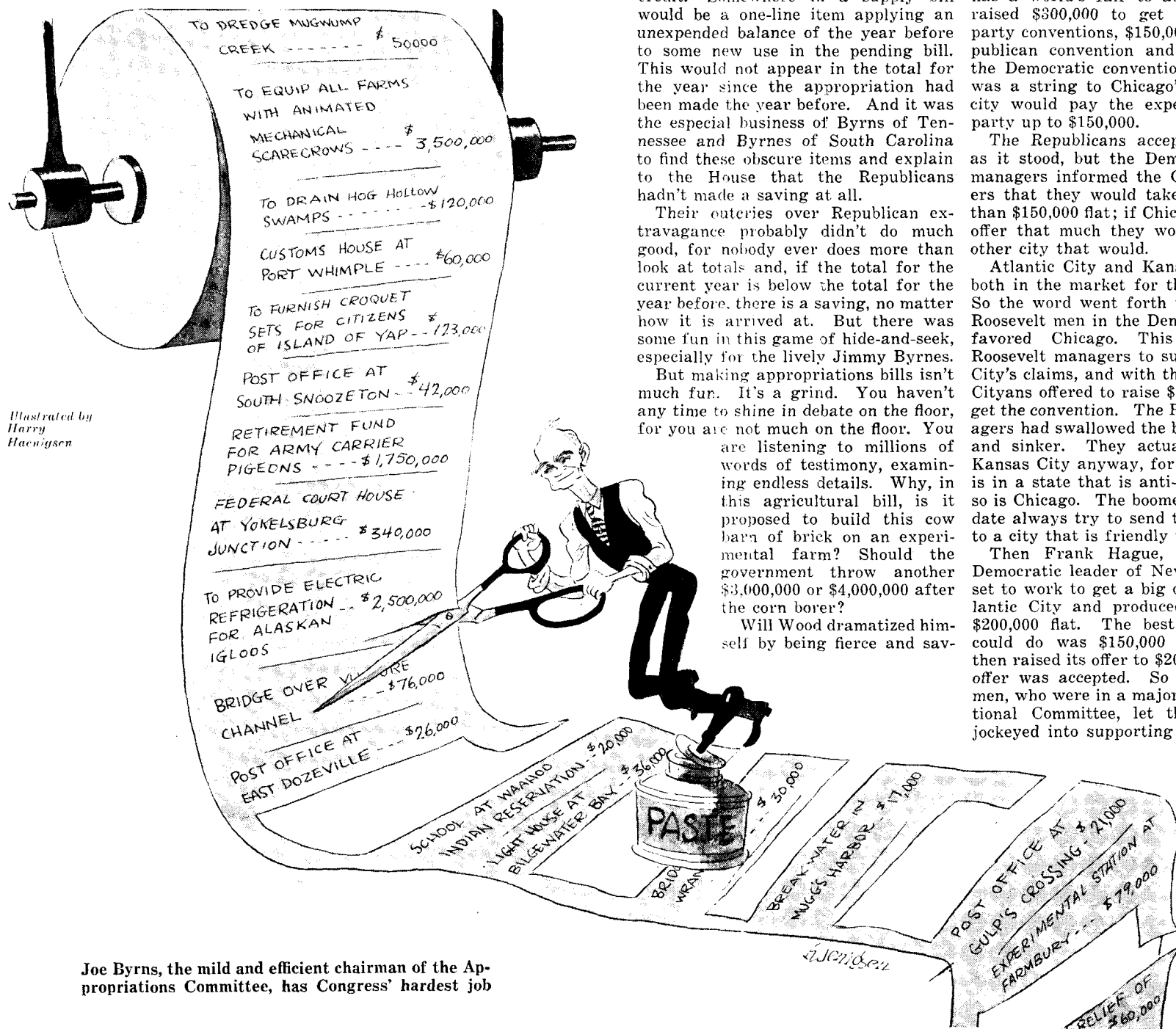
Convention Capers

The story has leaked out as to how Chicago came to be chosen as the convention city by the Democrats. Chicago has a world's fair to advertise, so it raised \$300,000 to get both national party conventions, \$150,000 for the Republican convention and \$150,000 for the Democratic convention. But there was a string to Chicago's offer: The city would pay the expenses of each party up to \$150,000.

The Republicans accepted the offer as it stood, but the Democratic party managers informed the Chicago boosters that they would take nothing less than \$150,000 flat; if Chicago would not offer that much they would find some other city that would.

Atlantic City and Kansas City were both in the market for the convention. So the word went forth that the anti-Roosevelt men in the Democratic party favored Chicago. This caused the Roosevelt managers to support Kansas City's claims, and with this the Kansas Cityans offered to raise \$150,000 flat to get the convention. The Roosevelt managers had swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker. They actually preferred Kansas City anyway, for Atlantic City is in a state that is anti-Roosevelt and so is Chicago. The boomers of a candidate always try to send the convention to a city that is friendly to him.

Then Frank Hague, the energetic Democratic leader of New Jersey, was set to work to get a big offer from Atlantic City and produced an offer of \$200,000 flat. The best Kansas City could do was \$150,000 flat. Chicago then raised its offer to \$200,000 flat. Its offer was accepted. So the Roosevelt men, who were in a majority in the National Committee, let themselves get jockeyed into supporting a losing city.



Joe Byrns, the mild and efficient chairman of the Appropriations Committee, has Congress' hardest job

Dress Rehearsal

Here it is, a fashion show which reflects our life and times. The plot is simple, the lines are good, the show is snappy. We think you'll like it

By Aimee Larkin

SOMETHING is happening to the world—something very strange and exciting. Snow in Central Europe, and people eating outdoors in New York in January. Birds that have kept their schedules with the calendar time out of mind, swinging about on sealed orders. Rumors that the staid old Gulf Stream of our geography books is on the move sideways. A new climate.

Discoveries to revolutionize communications, travel, everyday life—autogyros in the sky, television in the house, people at sea talking to those on shore as easily as though they were in the next room. A new material world.

It isn't to be wondered at that we also have a new world of the mind, a new sense of values, a whole new outlook on everything—a feeling that the curtain is rising.

Men may think it strange, but women's clothes have an uncanny faculty of crystallizing and expressing such world changes. This isn't a new thing. It has always been so. Clothes for 1932 are the last word in simplicity and practicality—clothes for women who want to live every minute without wasting time and energy on meaningless parade. Yet never in our memory have they been younger, gayer, more charming—or less expensive.

Eugénie used to express her era by going to the Riviera with fifty trunks. Today, we could tumble in with a couple of suitcases and be quite in the picture.

The suitcases for the Riviera of today are packed in a mood so different that Eugénie couldn't do anything but gasp. For they needn't contain a single evening dress. The same thing would hold true if we were holidaying in Paris or New York, for restaurants and roof gardens have suddenly ceased to be formal places, unless we happen to feel like making them so. If our destination were St. Tropez, newest of European resorts, we might arrive with nothing but berets, shoes, bathing suits and pajamas.

Everything we own, if it really expresses today and not yesterday, has been calculated for speed—for work, for play, for getting from one to the other. It has been fined down, stripped for action, simplified.

Yet all this simplicity isn't going to result in monotony. Contrast is the breath of life to the smart woman of 1932—contrast with her best friend, contrast in her own costume. She doesn't "ensemble" her effects. She assembles them. Originality takes the place of rule o' thumb.

The news is the suit—wool for spring, silk for summer—a suit of so many variations, so many uses that it becomes the nucleus of a whole mode, a complete wardrobe in itself. Dark blue is first choice for spring color, after that black, beige, gray. Spring materials are whipcords, flannel jerseys and others of the soft spongy or homespun type, practically always finished without fur. Jackets are of all lengths, from the "swagger suit" with full- or knee-length coat that doubles for sport over a con-

trasting dress, up to short boleros. Last year, most of the so-called hip-length jackets were twenty-five or twenty-six inches long. Today they're twenty-two or twenty-three, boxed or slightly fitted.

Some jackets top dresses. Others join forces with a slim skirt that shows no flare. The newest skirts of all, the kind the younger set are mad about, have a high-waisted effect. (But if you get one, be sure it's adjustable, for nothing is worse than a molded line that doesn't mold.) This Tropic of Cancer skirt takes to itself a tuck-in blouse. The ordinary equator skirts wear their blouses out, letting them do the molding with their belts or girdles. Whichever way it's done, waistlines must look supple, not stiff.

A Practical Kind of Chic

Blouses are important, quite apart from in- or out-ness. Many are glorified sweaters of lacy wool or knitted rayon or cotton—the informal note again—with yoke effects, cowl necklines, softly tied scarfs, two-color conceits that carry the skirt tone part way up, to simulate the high waist. Others are silk crêpe, cotton mesh, or satin for the most formal suit, which takes out its formality in material rather than in any elaboration of line. Sleeves are important, favoring variations of the yoke and raglan cuts. Colors are lovely—dusty blue, green, peach, white, ashes of

roses, the ever-popular red. But whatever it is or isn't, does or doesn't, the blouse is sure to contrast with its skirt. This, of course, is a very practical kind of chic, since one skirt can marry half a dozen blouses this year without being run in for fashion polygamy. "You'll try somebody else, I'll try somebody else," might well be the theme song for suits of the 1932 mode.

Suppose we began by buying a dark blue coat-and-skirt suit with a white blouse. Nothing would be smarter than to wear the jacket over a pale blue dress or a red dress in the country, while the next day the skirt went careering around with a sweater. In town, perhaps the jacket's furlessness was made up for by a silk, cotton or flat fur scarf knotted casually. Ladies who still know what a crochet hook is all about will make other scarfs for their friends to envy.

Though dark blue has never been more popular in the suit field, it isn't by any means a uniform but merely, as we said before, one of a quartet of choices that includes the black suit, the beige suit and the gray suit. The black may be wool, but it's just as likely to be marocain, with blouses ringing the changes on bright red, green, blue and

Any simple suit, with a little supplementing, can turn into four or five costumes that will see you through sports in the country and days in town

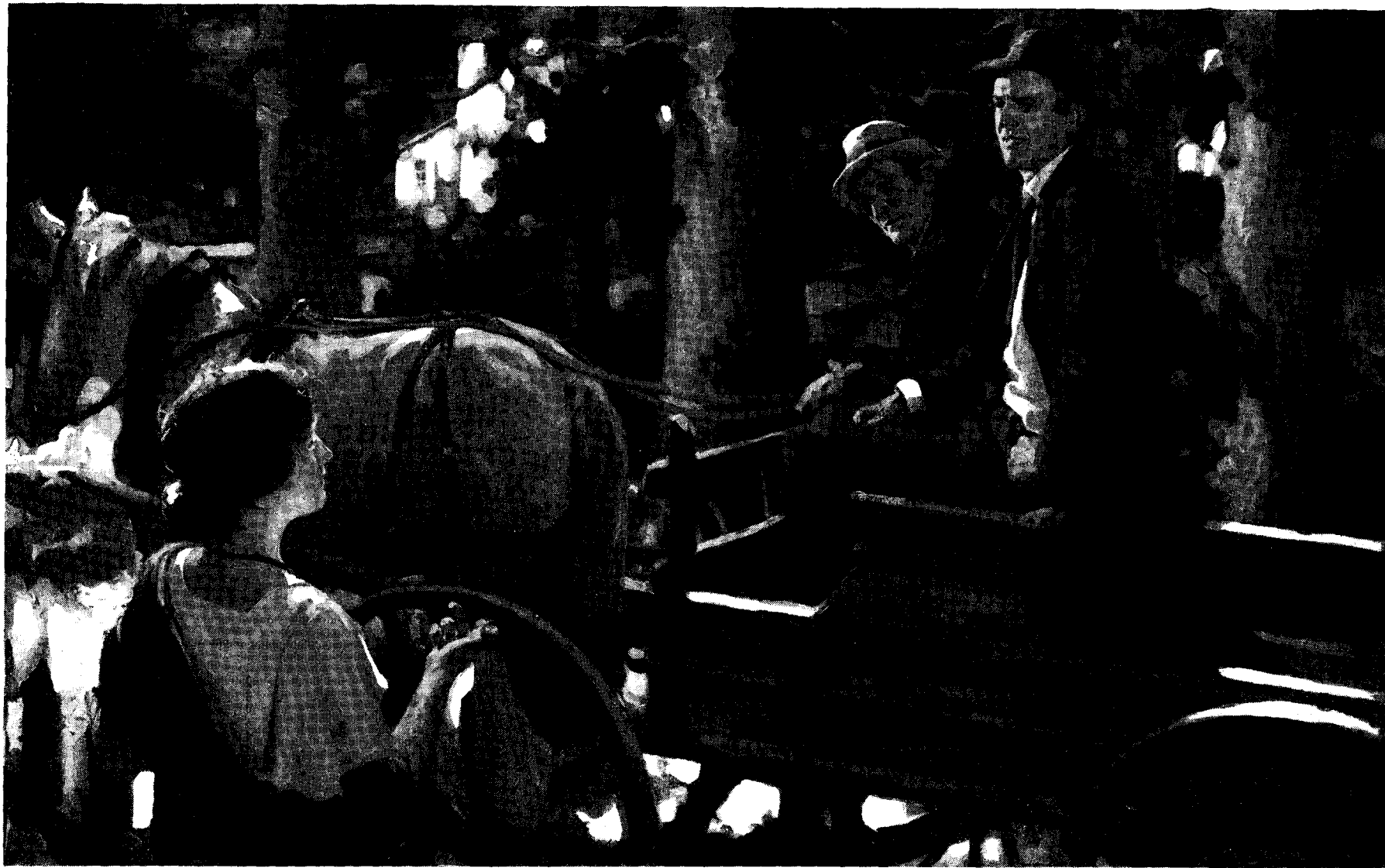


Illustrated by
Ben-Hur
Baz

white. The beige may adopt a brown blouse in silk or wool, or, for those who want to be really different, a blouse in dark blue. The gray may take to white or even black. While these two lighter suits mayn't be as economical as the champion navy or the black runner-up, they give an opportunity for a minor economy in gloves, which follow the 1932 vogue for contrast. Dark suits sometimes draw beige gloves or white, if there are other white accents, but the beige suit calls for brown gloves and the gray suit for black or brown. So far this year, like it or not, glacé kid and fabric outnumber the suèdes, though beige suède is still the smartest choice for important occasions. Bright-colored suits elect black or brown gloves, according to the other accessories worn.

There's another type of suit than these of wool or heavy silk—the knitted

(Continued on page 48)



"It's been a real lovely ride. I do hope you'll ask me again, sometime"

IN RESPECTFULLY attentive silence the Lebbeter twins gave ear to their Uncle Amos.

There were a number of sound reasons for giving ear to Uncle Amos Lebbeter. He was, to begin with, an elder and an uncle and entitled to a hearing on both counts. He had, also, a better head on him than either of his nephews, a fact of which the twins would have been aware even if Uncle Amos himself had not frequently informed them of it.

Moreover, Uncle Amos was worth, according to common report, every cent of thirty thousand dollars, and this circumstance gave added weight to any word that issued from his lips. Up in the hill country a man didn't get to be as well fixed as this unless he had one almighty good head on him.

These reasons would have guaranteed Uncle Amos the joint attention of the twins in any circumstances. On the present occasion, however, there was an added reason, for Uncle Amos, having remained a bachelor for fifty-seven years, was manifestly a qualified expert in the difficult art of staying single.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Amos perorated. "When I tell you boys that you're in danger you better believe it. I know what I'm talking about. It ain't just an accident that I've kep from getting ketched all these years. No, sir. It takes headwork to stay single."

The twins exchanged glances of grave concern. They did their thinking, as they did everything else, in chorus, and the process had led them, during Uncle Amos' remarks, to precisely the same state of mind. After their invariable habit of divided labors the task of talking fell to Clem, his brother continuing, meanwhile, to do the thinking for both.

Divided We Fall

If a woman can catch a man off guard—that's marriage. If she can catch several men—that's triumph. If she can catch the Lebbeter twins—it's a miracle

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"You really figure Belle Temlow's—" Clem was obliged to gulp before completing the dreadful sentence—"after me and Bert?"

Uncle Amos laughed.

"After you? Why, she's just as good as got you, this minute. If I hadn't've taken a notion to come up here and pay you boys a visit it'd be all over except f'r the shivaree. And you boys ain't sure, even yet, what she's up to!"

HE CLICKED his tongue eloquently. The twins conferred, after their habit, in ocular code. Clem answered for them both:

"Me and Bert haven't seen no signs of—of Belle being up to such a notion. She ain't—"

Uncle Amos laughed harshly. "You don't tell me!" He laughed again. "I suppose you figure that's long 's she don't serve notice on you, in writing, you don't need to worry!" He slapped a lean leg. "You boys certainly do beat all creation when it comes to being dumb!"

Clem nodded. He and Bert knew that they were almighty dumb. They were always grateful when anybody reminded them of it. Next to being brainy, as Pa had always told them, the best thing was to know that you weren't. In some ways, Pa used to claim, it was even better to know that you were dumb. The twins were very careful never to forget it.

"Juss look at the plain facks," Uncle Amos urged. "Ain't Belle been married three times—so far? Don't that tell you, same as print, that she's a born marrier, that she's got the *habit*, you might say? And ain't she moved up here, right across the road from you boys, 'stead of staying down to the Corners?"

"Who else is they, around here, for her to marry? Ain't another single man, only you two boys, in the whole neighborhood. Plain 's the nose on your face what she's up to, and if it wasn't for me telling you, wouldn't neither of you so much as suspicioned her! Tsk-tsk-tsk!"

Another interchange of troubled glances took place between the twins. The plain facks, thus marshaled, indubitably assumed a sinister significance. Manfully, however, Clem endeavored to take the hopeful view.

"Nobody'd want to marry me and Bert," he said. "We ain't the kind a woman'd pick."

"Too dumb, f'r one thing," Bert supplemented. Uncle Amos laughed again.

"Who else gets ketched, only the dumb ones?" he demanded. "Why, you boys was juss made to measure for it, you might say. And not only that, neither. Ain't you been doing your own housekeeping all your life? Ain't the both of you broke in, you might say, to washing dishes and cooking and mending? You figure a woman that's broke in three husbands so far wouldn't jump to the chance of getting one that didn't need no breaking in?"

ANXIETY settled more profoundly upon the faces of the twins, faces that swiveled solemnly to glance in the direction of the house across the road.

"But they ain't no way a man can get married without he wants to, is they?" Clem suggested hopefully. "And me and Bert don't want to."

"Huh!" Uncle Amos was scornful. "That's easy as rolling off a roof, for a slick woman. All she's got to do is make you want to, 'r think you want to."

Relief glimmered in the twins' countenances.

"I guess it'd take a sight of talk to make me and Bert think we want to get married," Clem said. "If that's how it is—"

"Won't be no talk about it," Uncle Amos cut in sharply. "That ain't how women does things. You boys ain't

got a notion how slick they be." He wagged a veteran head. "Come mighty close to getting the best of me, two-three times."

The twins received this ominous admission in stricken silence. Without speech they arrived, presently, at a joint conclusion which Clem put into words.

"Maybe," he said, "if you was to tell us how they work it, we could kind of be on the lookout."

Uncle Amos shook his head again.

"They got a sight of different ways, according to the man they're after. They got a kind of instink that tells 'em what's a man's weak spot and they take and bear down right there. F'r instance, they'll start in to give some men the notion they ain't satisfied to be single. That's one o' their strongest holds. Ack sorry for you because you got to eat your own cooking. Kind of make fun of you and pity you, all to once, because you got to sew on your own buttons."

The twins brightened.

"Belle ain't tried nothing like that on me and Bert," Clem said. "Just the other way round. She's always telling us we keep house better'n most women. She couldn't hardly believe 't Bert sewed this here patch on my wammus. Claimed she couldn't 've done it no better herself."

"Smart," Uncle Amos commented gloomily. "It juss goes to show how smart she is. Aims to get you off your guard, you might say, with that there talk. She knows that soon as you get to figuring you're safe you'll be twicet as easy for her."

He rose. "I better be starting back. Be dark before I'm home." He paused. "Tell you what—any time you get worried, you let me know and I'll come up and see what I can do f'r you. I'd cert'nly hate to leave either of you boys get ketched."

The twins winced in chorus. Mourn-

fully they followed Uncle Amos out to his thrifty little car; forlornly they watched the dust-plume lift and expand behind its brisk departure. Thus gloomily preoccupied they were taken by surprise when Belle Temlow's voice sounded behind them. In startled unison they turned to present a close line of defense.

A TIN pail swung from Belle's elbow in token of Sabbath-breaking activity among the wild-blackberry bushes. In the shadow of her sunbonnet her wide smile divided itself impartially between the twins. It was the same smile which, until this moment, they had rather liked, a smile that had served to put them at their ease, free of the acute self-consciousness from which it was their habit to suffer when in feminine society. Now, however, it was dimly alarming. The twins saw it, as if with Uncle Amos' wisely wary eye, as a smile cunningly designed to put them, you might say, off their guard.

Common impulse drew them a little closer together. They regarded Mrs. Temlow with duplicate looks of watchful doubt. Her eyes widened.

"Is anything wrong? You been hearing bad news or anything?"

Silently the twins shook their heads.

"You look as if you had," Belle said.

Her glance moved in the direction of the thinning dust-cloud. "Been having comp'ny, anyhow, haven't you?"

"Just Uncle Amos Lebbeter," Clem said.

Belle's face seemed to undergo a slight but significant change.

"Why, I didn't know he ever came up here," she said. Her voice, too, had changed. To Clem's troubled ear it sounded like the voice of a smart person. He edged a little nearer to Bert.

"He can't leave the store very easy," he explained, "but he drives up, once in a while, Sunday afternoons."

He found some comfort in the state-

ment. Maybe, if Belle knew that Uncle Amos kept a guarding eye on him and Bert, she would give up whatever notion she might have in mind about—well, about ketching either of the twins. Clem was moved to stress the point.

"Takes a real friendly int'rest in me and Bert," he said. "Always trying to help us out, any way he can."

"That's lucky for you," Belle said. "He's a mighty brainy man, Amos Lebbeter is."

"They don't come no brainier," Clem said loyally.

Belle nodded a thoughtful concurrence in this tribute. She appeared, to Clem's troubled eye, to meditate.

"I came over to ask if you'd come and have supper with me," she said. "I picked berries for a shortcake, but somehow it don't seem hardly worth while to make one just for myself."

Clem groped vainly for a decently evasive answer. Bert came unexpectedly to his aid.

"We're much obliged, but we couldn't," he declared with finality. "We got to drive over to the Corners, soon's we get our chores done."

Clem inhaled deeply.

"And we'd ought to get at our chores, right off," Bert continued. "Cow's clear up in the back pasture."

Belle did not seem to take offense. Her smile was persistently amiable and she moved her hand in a dismissal in which, self-evidently, there was no rancor.

"Huh! Blackberry shortcake!"

Bert spoke with strong feeling as the brothers reached the shelter of the alders at the foot of the path that

slanted steeply up toward the hilltop meadow. "Uncle Amos cert'nly had the right of it! Said she'd hunt for our weak spot, didn't he? And look at how quick she done it!"

Clem passed the back of his hand over a forehead coldly damp. For the first time in his life he felt an appalling sense of singleness. Here was a deadly danger in which Bert had no consoling share.

"Look," he said. "We—we got to do something, Bert. We got to!"

Bert nodded grimly.

"We got one purtection, anyhow," he announced. "She can't—she can't do nothing without she ketches us sep'rate and it's pretty near second nature f'r us to stick kind of close together."

CLEM drew in a long, rejoicing breath. "You cert'nly ain't dumb, Bert! Look at how slick you figured that out! I guess we don't need to worry, after all!"

Almost in the exact manner of Uncle Amos Lebbeter, Bert wagged his head.

"Don't you go getting no such notion as that, Clem. Minute we get to thinking we're safe, she—she's got us off our guard."

"But all we got to do is stick together," Clem insisted.

Again Bert imitated Uncle Amos' favorite gesture.

"If you and me can figure it out that we're safe as long as she don't ketch us sep'rate, so can Belle," he pointed out. "And what's more, she's smart enough, maybe, to figure out how to ketch us that way. I wouldn't put it past her. Look at how quick her instink told her what was your—what was our weak spot."

Once more Clem experienced the sick feeling of standing alone. Blackberry shortcake wasn't Bert's weak spot. Bert didn't even like it.

"No, sir," Bert was saying. "Only
(Continued on page 39)



Illustrated by
Joseph M.
Clement

Uncle Amos proceeded lavishly to advise them

I HAVE been reading and hearing a lot lately," writes a side-line observer, "about amateurism and professionalism. To me these are both relatively unimportant. The most important thing in sport is sportsmanship, the true spirit of sport, and it seems to me I have read almost nothing at all about that."

This is an entirely proper complaint. At first glance the order seems simple enough. It should be easy to say that every competitor should be a sportsman and play the game under the rules. But to bring this about one first would have to change many of the old customs of our varied sports.

For example, I still recall two incidents in the United States Open Golf championship held at Worcester, Massachusetts. Bobby Jones was standing at the top bank of a bunker. The temperature that day was 105 degrees. The battle for the lead had been one of the hardest in all golf. As Jones started to address the ball and the blade of his mashie niblick had about reached the

top of the grass, he suddenly turned to the referee, announcing that the ball had moved and that he should be charged with a stroke.

The referee was of the opinion that Jones had not addressed the ball. Certainly there was an element of doubt about the penalty, but Jones insisted that the stroke be counted. He tied later with Willie MacFarlane and lost on the play-off.

The Sportsman's Code

In that same championship Walter Hagen removed a twig some inches behind his ball. The ball oscillated and again there was some doubt as to whether it had turned over. Hagen promptly called a stroke on himself and insisted that the penalty be applied, although no official had seen the ball move.

Bill Tilden recently was discussing a tennis match he had played against Henri Cochet in Paris for the French championship. Tilden served and he thought the ball had landed barely inside the boundary. The officials ruled in his favor but the crowd started an uproar, the noise becoming so great that Tilden had to delay his next service. Bill finally walked to the net and asked

Fair Playing

Suppose in a deciding world series game a player, after cracking out a home run and victory for his team, should walk up to the umpire and say: "Sorry, but I cut third base by a foot. That run can't count." Would that be rabid insanity or just plain sportsmanship?

By Grantland Rice

Cochet if he thought the ball was in or out. Cochet merely shrugged his shoulders, indicating either that he thought it out, or that he was uncertain. Tilden then deliberately delivered a double fault. At this point the booing and the jeering suddenly turned to a salvo of cheering.

Whether the majority agree with this code or not, it is the code that belongs to tennis. Tilden had won the first two sets of this match. He was in one of the hardest battles of his long tennis career, and one that he most wanted to win. Yet he could not take advantage of a situation where his opponent felt that a strong element of doubt was involved.

Now look at baseball. A world series is at stake. Some batsman lines out a long drive between center and left. He whirls for first and races around the paths leading to home plate. He beats the throw with the winning or tying run and is called safe. Suppose at this point, with forty or fifty thousand fans in a wild frenzy, the player should turn to the umpire with this statement: "Sorry, but I cut third base by a foot. That run can't count."

Or, we can turn to football, the greatest of all college games. A big battle is under way. One team is leading 6 to

0 with a minute left to play. The losing side has the ball on its own twenty-yard line. An end run is called and one of the backs sweeps out, finds an opening and starts down the field. He eludes the safety man, reaches the open and scores. You can sense the excitement and the terrific emotional outburst which follows.

The officials allow the run. They have seen no infraction of the rules. But at this point a bulky tackle rushes up to the officials, saying: "I am terribly sorry, but on that play I held the end illegally. He never had a chance. We don't deserve the touchdown."

If the facts were later given out to the public, I believe that the baseball player and the football player would be greater heroes than anyone scoring the winning run. Maybe I am mistaken. But in the meanwhile both would probably be locked up for lunacy.

Johnny Evers once told me that he had not touched two thirds of the men called out at second. "And that goes," said Johnny, "for most of the other shortstops or second basemen on close plays where you have to tag the runner. You take a stab in his direction and then walk away." And what player would not cut any base by a foot or ten yards if he thought no umpire was looking?

Taking the Breaks

It is even worse in football. There is some form of penalty on every other play, most of them beyond any official's vision. I have talked with many line-men and this is what most of them tell me: "We don't actually mean to break the rules. We don't mean to hold. But suppose a play is called through your position where you are supposed to open up. You try to, under the rules. But you see someone breaking through. Then instinct takes charge and you reach out and grab him. You are not going to let him get through and wreck that play if you can help it."

Only recently I saw two of the biggest games of the year, before two of the largest crowds, won by illegal holding. In each instance some player saw this was the only chance to win. After one of the games I talked with the coaches of the opposing teams. The player's coach had this to say: "The kid saw it was his only chance. He had to run the risk of a penalty. If he had not broken the rules it would have cost a touchdown against us."

The other coach had no complaint to make against the player—only against the officials who, according to his angle, should have seen what he thought was an open violation of the rules.

"Under the same conditions," I asked, "what would you have wanted one of your men to do in that case?"

"Just what the other fellow did," he said, "in an emergency of that sort. It was the only way to save the game for his side." And I might add that both coaches are rated around the top for football sportsmanship. I am sure neither ever taught his men a dirty play. It is all measured by the standards of sportsmanship that are supposed to govern different games.

Sportsmanship is largely a question of spirit and of decency.

On a general average there is fully as much sportsmanship on the professional side as there is on the amateur side. But there isn't nearly enough on either side.

Most champions are strict observers of the rules. Their concentration on the main job isn't broken by any attempt to take a detour that may yield an illegal margin. The square-shooter is the only safe bet over the long route. But there are more than one or two games where he has his problems to face, due to the tradition of his sport.

Illustrated by
George Shanks



Suppose a player should say, "Sorry, that run can't count"

Shanks

The Cat's Away

All about that honest little house-breaker, Mary Brown, who was lucky enough to be caught

By Lucian Cary

THERE are some triumphs that come at the wrong moment—when they don't do you any good and even add the sting of irony to a situation already too bitter to endure.

Mary Brown was walking up Fifth Avenue at half-past five of a winter afternoon, at the hour when everybody in New York is trying to get home. It was dark with a peculiar, murky darkness. Every street lamp had a halo around it and looked dim, like a lantern in a fog. It had been dark since noon.

Mary walked close to the line of shop fronts because it was so much brighter there and because you get bumped from only one side by people in a hurry. She walked on and on, past the jam at Forty-second Street to the upper reaches of the shopping district, where the crowd thins out. She paused to look at a display of silver. And while she gazed at the window full of old English silver and Sheffield plate she heard a woman's voice behind her.

"There, Howard," she said, in one of those insistent English voices, "I want you to notice that girl."

Two people stopped beside Mary Brown. She could see them plainly in the mirror behind the silver. The woman was a short, wide, I'm-telling-you person. The man was distinguished—a tall man with white mustaches.

Mary waited for them to move on and as they did she fell in behind them.

"Did you notice," the woman continued, "how well groomed she was? She's a perfect example of the New York type—she's typical of Fifth Avenue."

"Typical," the tall man said. "Typical! Nonsense. She's a striking exception. Anybody can see that she has always had money to spend. She's probably the wife of some young executive who thinks that ten thousand a year is abject poverty—and so it is for a man who has to support a wife who likes eighteenth-century silver and wears clothes that look just right."

"You can buy clothes for very little nowadays," the woman said, "if you know what to buy."

"Yes—and how many know? That girl has taste. You don't see every woman admiring Georgian silver. And did you notice the book in her hand?"

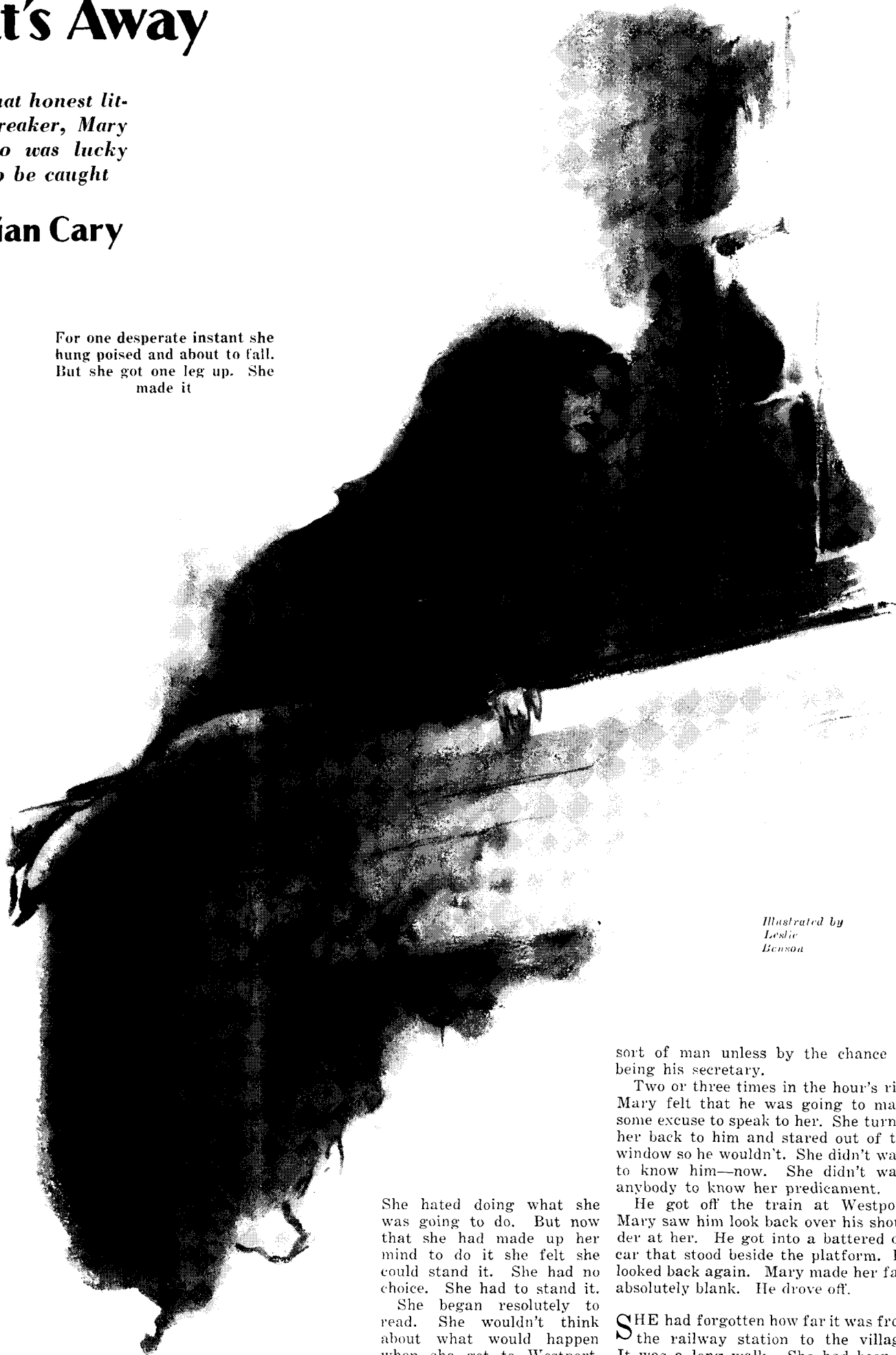
It was only then that Mary Brown realized they were talking about her.

"No," the insistent woman said, "I didn't notice the book."

"I did," the man said. "It was Max Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson. I suppose you think that's typical of New York."

Mary Brown smiled but it was a bitter little smile. A year earlier she'd have been delighted. A year earlier she'd have felt triumphant. But not now. If they only knew they weren't complimenting her. They were rubbing it in. She had an angry impulse to rush forward and tell those two people how it happened that she was carrying a book by Max Beerbohm; how it happened that she didn't have a job—and a lot more.

For one desperate instant she hung poised and about to fall. But she got one leg up. She made it



*Illustrated by
Leslie
Benson*

sort of man unless by the chance of being his secretary.

Two or three times in the hour's ride Mary felt that he was going to make some excuse to speak to her. She turned her back to him and stared out of the window so he wouldn't. She didn't want to know him—now. She didn't want anybody to know her predicament.

He got off the train at Westport. Mary saw him look back over his shoulder at her. He got into a battered old car that stood beside the platform. He looked back again. Mary made her face absolutely blank. He drove off.

SHE had forgotten how far it was from the railway station to the village. It was a long walk. She had been in Westport only once before. She had a cousin, Ernestine Hood, who lived in Westport. Her husband was an advertising man. Ernestine had asked Mary out for a week-end shortly after she came on from Ottumwa.

Mary remembered, when she came to the Post Road, that you went across a bridge into the village center and took the first turn to the left. She walked on across the bridge, wondering just what she'd say. Ernestine would not be glad to see her. Ernestine had made it clear during that week-end a year ago that Mary did not belong, and that she did not wish to introduce Mary to her

Instead she turned around and walked back down the Avenue and to the Grand Central Terminal.

AT THE Grand Central she asked the price of a ticket to Westport. The price was a dollar and sixty-one cents. When she had paid for the ticket, she had eleven cents left.

She went aboard the train as soon as the gate was open. The train filled up rapidly. Some man took the seat beside her.

It was a relief when the train started.

She hated doing what she was going to do. But now that she had made up her mind to do it she felt she could stand it. She had no choice. She had to stand it.

She began resolutely to read. She wouldn't think about what would happen when she got to Westport. But after a few pages she was conscious that the man

beside her was studying her with interest. When the conductor stopped for tickets she had a chance to see what the man beside her was like without seeming to notice. He was a young man in a gray tweed suit—the sort of tweed suit that had been good to begin with and that looked better now, in its middle age, than it had looked when it was new. He was reading an architectural magazine. He was the kind of man she'd hoped to meet when she came to New York and never had met. A stenographer had no chance to meet that

friends. Mary hadn't seen Ernestine since. But Ernestine could hardly refuse to put her up for a day or two.

Mary took the first turn to the left and walked on. She soon came to the end of the sidewalk and not long after to the end of the paved road. It was a good deal farther than it had seemed in the Hoods' car. It was black dark and the road was frozen, with a slippery film of ice on it. The wind was cold, and strong enough so she bent her head to it.

She understood Ernestine's attitude. Ernestine took pride in being sophisticated. A cousin who worked as a stenographer and lived in a hall bedroom and didn't know anything was not an addition to her week-ends.

After what she guessed was two miles Mary began to look anxiously for the turn up the hill. She found it finally. She climbed resolutely. At last she saw a vague black shape in the dark. It was the Hood house.

She walked up a little lane, found the front door and knocked. She knew it was no use to knock. There was no one at home. But she knocked. She knocked furiously.

She tried the door. It was locked. She walked around to the back door. That was locked. She tried the windows, one after another. The windows were locked.

Mary sat down on the porch and put her arms around her knees because it was warmer to sit thus huddled up, and wondered what girls did when they were down to their last eleven cents and hadn't had a real meal for several days and had no place to go. She supposed there was a police station in Westport and that if she went there and told them her story they'd see that she had a place to sleep.

SHE stood up. The Hoods had undoubtedly gone out to dinner. They'd be back in a few hours at most. The sensible thing was to stop at the nearest house and tell them she'd come to spend the week-end with the Hoods and the Hoods were out. They'd ask her in. They'd probably ask her to dinner.

But it's one thing to invite yourself to dinner at a strange house when you don't need the dinner and quite another when you're desperate. Mary walked around to the kitchen door. There was

a little porch and above the porch was a second-story window. Nobody ever locked second-story windows in the country.

She found an ash can beside the porch. It was full of ashes. She managed to roll it into position. She stood on the ashes and grasped the edge of the porch roof and pulled herself up. For one desperate instant she hung poised and about to fall. But she got one leg up. She made it. The window gave a little. She pushed on the muntins with all her strength. The window went up halfway and stuck.

Mary wiggled through the narrow space. It had seemed black dark outside. It was really black dark in the house. She got to her feet and stood there listening, and trembling with fear while she listened. She heard no sound. There was no reason to be scared. And the house was warm!

So they hadn't gone away for more than a few hours. They hadn't gone away for the winter.

Mary got down on her hands and knees and crawled down the hall. She did not dare walk for fear of falling downstairs in the dark. She found the

stairs with her hands and then the rail. She stood up, holding to the rail with one hand and exploring the wall for an electric light switch with the other. She found no switch.

SHE went down the stairs and again felt for a switch. She found one this time. All the lights in the living-room went on. There was a big wide sofa in front of the living-room fireplace. Mary sat on the sofa. It was ten minutes after eight by the clock on the mantel. She was beginning to feel deliciously sleepy. And she had to keep awake. She had to be awake when Ernestine and her husband came home. . . .

When Mary Brown awoke it was daylight. She jumped up and looked about wildly and remembered where she was. Ernestine had come home and found her asleep in the living-room and been kind enough not to wake her. But the lights were still on in the living-room. Ernestine would surely have turned off the lights.

Mary went upstairs. The house was empty. Ernestine hadn't come home. And it wasn't likely that she'd be coming home early in the morning. If she and her husband had gone into New York to the theater and stayed overnight they would hardly be back before dinnertime. Mary felt that she would have the house all to herself for several hours.

She took a piping hot bath. Then she went to the kitchen and made coffee and scrambled some eggs and had breakfast. She felt better than she'd felt in weeks. She felt equal to meeting Ernestine. She remembered that she'd left Zuleika Dobson on the back porch when she had climbed into the second-story window. She retrieved the book and sat down to finish it. She read of the remarkable adventures of Zuleika Dobson with increasing pleasure. She even laughed.

When she reached the last page Mary reflected that Zuleika Dobson would have taken the present situation in her stride. Zuleika was so secure in her power to fascinate men that nothing daunted her.

Mary looked down at her clothes. They were no longer the clothes the woman on Fifth Avenue had so much admired. They were badly rumpled from being slept in.

Mary found a bathrobe in a closet. It was a man's bathrobe but it would do. She washed her blouse and hung it on a chair close to a radiator to dry. While it was drying she pressed her skirt and her jacket. The blouse was still too damp to iron.

SOME sound outside made her stand still and listen. She thought she heard footsteps outside. She had decided she was mistaken when somebody knocked on the front door. Mary took her skirt and jacket and ran up the back stairs.

She heard the front door open. Somebody walked across the living-room—a man, obviously. Mary got into a closet and pulled the door to after her. After a moment she heard him shaking the furnace.

"Of course," she thought. "Of course they'd have somebody tending the furnace."

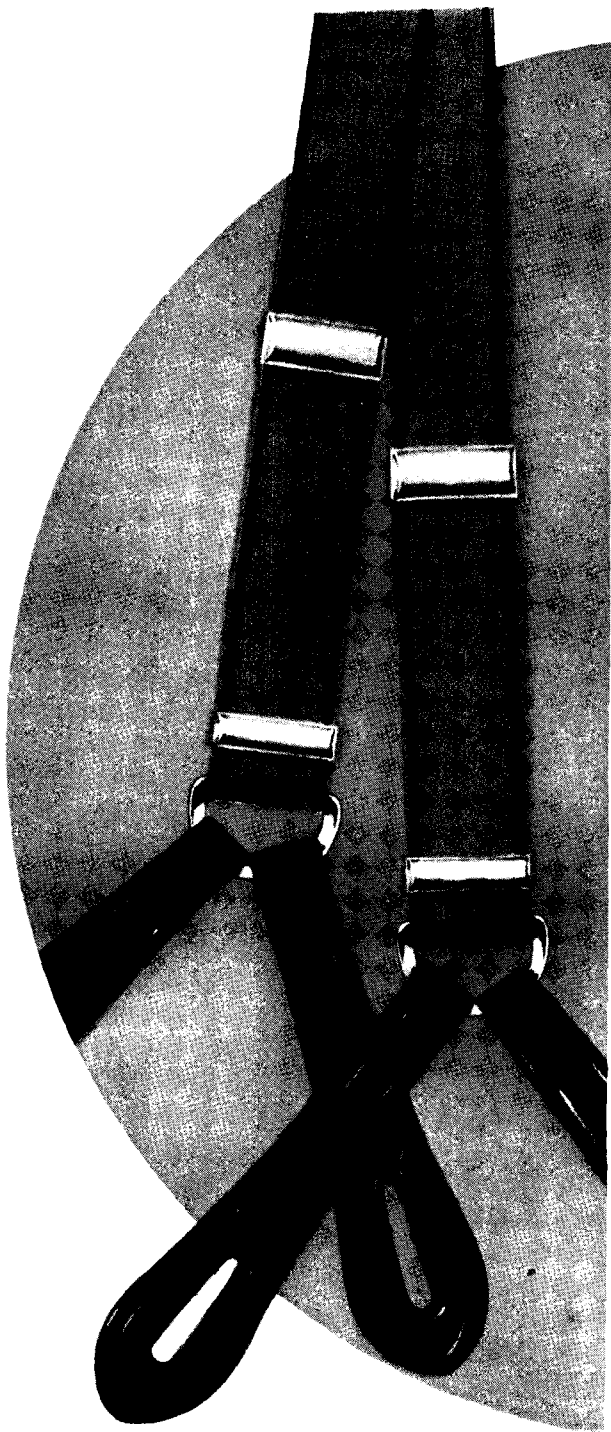
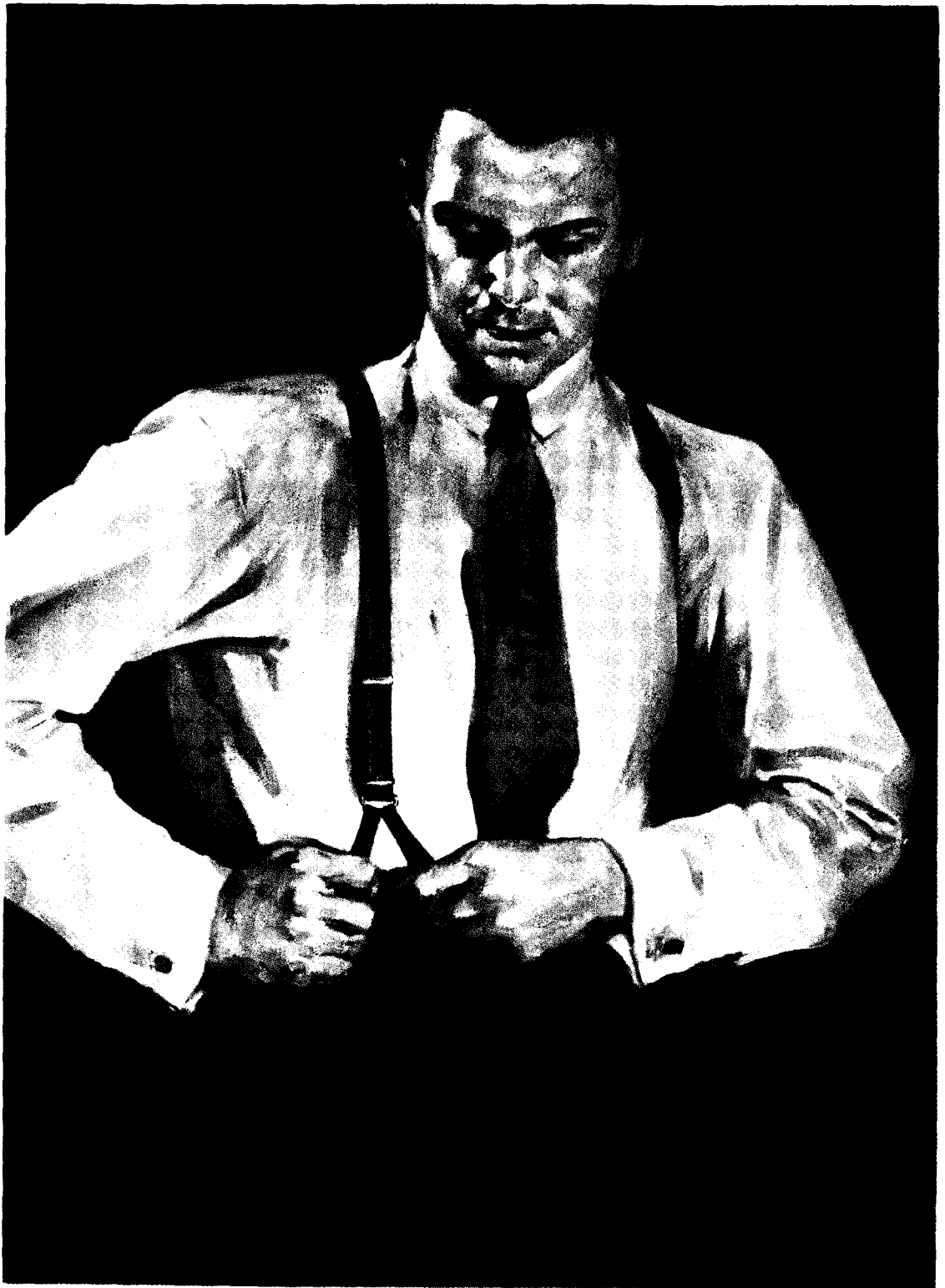
She waited more calmly. She'd left her blouse in the kitchen but a furnace man wouldn't notice that. She heard him coming through the house. He came upstairs. He went through all the bedrooms—as if he were looking for something. Then he went downstairs and out the back door. Mary waited until she was sure he was out of sight.

She was no longer at ease in the space and comfort of the house—which had seemed so grand after a hall bedroom.

(Continued on page 43)



"Get in, Susie," he said. "Get in and sit there with your arm resting on the window sill"



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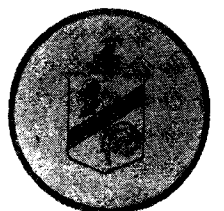
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The opening of Hell's Angels, a success that wisecracks had doomed to failure

Movie Magician

THE lights snapped on in a Hollywood projection-room as the preview ended. The directors, scenarists, technicians and yes-men who had been watching said that the film was excellent except for some vague flaw at the conclusion. A discordant note ruined the climax, but no one was able to suggest the proper change.

Joe Schenck of United Artists, who has been passing judgment on celluloid dramas since Gloria Swanson was a Mack Sennett bathing girl, was requested to diagnose the difficulty. He saw the picture, pondered the problem and confessed that he could not solve it. Even Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn, whose motion-picture perspicacity is discussed in awed whispers, failed as a consultant.

The producer of the picture which thus baffled the experts was Howard Hughes, the young millionaire who had once been the joke of the Land of Close-ups. Hughes had seen various parts during production but not the finished film. Having done so, he offered specific suggestions. He said that a gangster—this was an underworld picture—would not act in the manner portrayed at the end; his final conduct was out of harmony with plot and characterization. Hughes then set forth the exact manner in which the re-takes should be made.

The point to this incident is that no one was particularly surprised when Hughes discovered the solution. Rival producers may dislike this twenty-seven-year-old motion-picture magnate for his independence or be jealous of his private fortune. Since his success with

When Howard Hughes, a rich but honest youth, went to Hollywood the cinema cynics predicted that he would lose his shirt. Think of it—a rookie spending four million dollars on a single picture. The cynics are still thinking of it—and of the six millions that picture has collected at the box-office

By Henry F. Pringle

Hell's Angels and The Front Page, however, they hesitate to rock with meriment over the probability of his discomfiture. They know to their sorrow that the sucker of 1925, who arrived in Hollywood to dissipate a vast inheritance, is no longer such. Looking back across the six years that have passed, the rivals remember the case of Thomas Meighan.

Meighan was one of the particular stars of the Paramount organization in the days before sound talked the silent screen to death. An unusually competent actor, his pictures had earned extraordinary returns, and in a burst of enthusiasm Paramount awarded him a contract for seven pictures at \$150,000 each.

For some reason, probably because he was given mediocre stories, Meighan's popularity began to wane after this one-million-dollar document had been executed. The officials of Paramount felt decidedly ill over the matter after five pictures had been made. They could scarcely believe their ears when How-

ard Hughes offered to take the costly Meighan off their hands for the remaining two pictures and scrambled to let him do so.

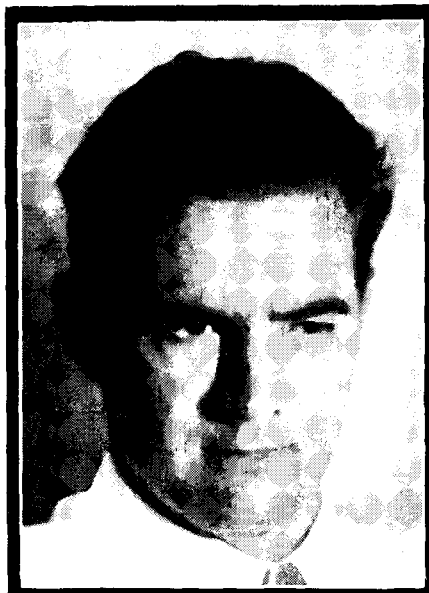
This, observers said, was further proof of the gullibility of young millionaires who came to Hollywood. But Hughes proceeded to star Meighan in The Racket, one of the first of the gang pictures. The film was universally declared the best in which he had ever appeared; its earnings were the wonder and despair of the industry. The \$150,000 paid to Meighan returned to Hughes many times over, and a second picture, The Mating Call, also did very well indeed. Curiously enough, both pictures were released by Paramount and shown in its theaters.

No Revels Nor Eccentricities

Tall and thin, with shoulders which prove that he is heavier than he appears to be, Howard Hughes has furnished both irritation and amusement to Hollywood—with irritation preponderant almost from the start. A native of Texas, Hughes speaks with the softness which is half Western and half Southern and which is intensified by extreme shyness. When standing, he inclines his head out and down and looks at the ground. Seated, he clasps his hands between widespread knees and stares at his knuckles.

A conversation with him is not easy, although his slight deafness, caused by some childhood illness, is the least of the handicaps. The difficulty is that Hughes is self-conscious with strangers and

(Continued on page 32)



Howard Hughes, Hollywood's youngest and most original producer

Expression of Love

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen



"Signor Binelli has caught an expression in your eyes which I have not seen since the early days of our honeymoon"

Illustrated by
Loren Stout

MARTHA RANSOM gestured toward the very new canvas on the library wall. "A genuine Binelli," she said.

Her husband, formally known as George H. Ransom III, nodded approval. "Portrait of a Lady—and most interesting."

"Binelli completed the thing yesterday and fled today."

"Where to?"

"His beloved Italy." The girl, young and pretty, tilted her head to one side. "It's really not half bad, is it?"

"Fascinating. Does the subject justice, and all that sort of thing." There was a quizzical smile on the lips of the tall, slender man. His voice was painstakingly casual: "Do you love him very much, Martha?"

Her figure tensed and she flashed a startled glance at her husband.

"Am I to take your question seriously?"

"I should think it might help."

"May I ask what inspired you to ask?"

"Surely. Signor Binelli is an excellent artist. He has caught an expression in your eyes which I have not seen since the early days of our honeymoon. Having a logical mind, I presume—"

"Amazing! And if I were in love with him—?"

"I think we'd better discuss it. 'Husband Discovers Wife Enamored of Brilliant Portrait Painter. Agrees to Grant Divorce.'"

"Shall it be divorce?"

"Eventually, perhaps. I really can't get excited over remaining married to

even the most charming of girls if she is in love with someone else." He raised his cigarette with fingers not entirely steady. "Sure of yourself, Martha?"

"Not entirely. That's why Binelli departed. We thought a long separation might prove whether this grand passion was permanent."

"Bad psychology, my dear. Separation

will inspire mutual longing and idealization. Why not take an indefinite vacation—in Europe? Be with Binelli in his native haunts. You'll get a better perspective that way."

"Scandalous!"

"Not at all. Even in this ultra-modern age you're not likely to forget the wedding ring."

She was visibly impressed. "You're serious?"

"Entirely. Good old chivalry, as it were, tintured with common sense. Get acquainted with Binelli. Then if you still want to discard me . . . it can be arranged easily."

She touched his hand. "You're a good egg, George. I'll take you up on that."

HER preparations for the European trip were made in a picnic spirit. In words, at least, they banished the specter of lost romance and refused even to discuss the future seriously. "Might as well be civilized," suggested George H. Ransom III. "It's the smart thing to do—these days."

He presented her with an orchid corsage the day she sailed. He watched the giant liner backed majestically from the pier and nosed down the river. Then he went to the club and had a drink—several drinks. After that he sent her a bon-voyage wireless.

Nine days later he received a cable from Naples:

GRAND TRIP WAS GREETED WITH ENTHUSIASM GREAT SCHEME YOU HAD

And he answered—also by cable:

DON'T FORGET IT'S ART FOR HEART'S SAKE

Her reply was distinctly slangy.

"AND HOW!" she cabled.

Thereafter, they corresponded: lightly, and with an outward show of intelligent indifference. But as the months passed her references to Binelli displayed increasing reticence. Once she wrote: "I'm beginning to take this thing seriously. Somehow, an Italian on his native heath (or do Italians have heaths?) demands to be taken seriously. Haven't changed your mind, have you?"

And he wrote back: "I'm still sane. At least you won't be throwing me over for a man with whom you're hardly acquainted. It's great to forget the past, *n'est-ce pas?*"

At the end of ten months he received another cable:

PRODIGAL WIFE RETURNING FOR CRUCIAL CONFERENCE PLEASE WEAR YOUR HORN-RIMMED GLASSES TO PROVIDE PROPER ATMOSPHERE OF DIGNITY

HER ship arrived at quarantine at one A. M. By the exercise of considerable influence, he boarded the vessel at eight the following morning, and found her standing alone at the rail as the liner edged toward the Battery.

Unobserved by her, he stared. Then he acted. He moved forward, whirled her about and kissed her with enthusiasm.

"That for you," he murmured, somewhat huskily.

She returned his kiss with most obvious ardor.

"You still love me?" she queried.

"Rather foolishly. And I know it's mutual."

"It is, George. But what miracle provided you with the knowledge?"

"Your eyes, my dear. Looking just now toward the place you thought I was waiting, you had the same expression that poor Signor Binelli caught on his canvas."

LOREN
STOUT

This Tooth Paste delights 2,000,000 *Cranks*



—*not* because of
its price,
but *because* of
its *results*

Women are cranks about their teeth and the tooth paste that goes on them. And why not! Sound teeth are vital to health. Beautiful teeth enhance a woman's charm.

We are rather proud of the fact that more than two million women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste above all others. Certainly no higher compliment could be paid to its quality and the results it achieves.

We would like to have you judge this tooth paste yourself. Buy a tube. Give it a fair trial. Compare it with any paste at any price and judge by what it does for you.

Note how swiftly it cleanses the teeth. See how its special cleansing and polishing agents penetrate between teeth, erasing decay, tartar, and discolorations. See how they make the surfaces of the teeth gleam and flash. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel after you've used Listerine Tooth Paste a few short weeks. Note, too, the delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration it imparts to your mouth—that brisk, clean feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

That Listerine Tooth Paste can be offered at 25¢ is due to the fact that we buy and manufacture economically; eliminating unnecessary costs at every turn. These economies are reflected in the price of this remarkable dentifrice. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

What you can buy with that \$3 you save

On the basis of the use of a tube of tooth paste per month, Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢, saves you approximately \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Below are a few suggestions as to what to buy with that \$3:

A hat. A scarf. Stockings (2 pairs).
6 handkerchiefs.

25¢

THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

**“Try my brand
...*they're*
FRESH!”**

Never parched or toasted

Camels are made fresh, then kept fresh in the air-sealed Camel Humidor Pack. If you haven't smoked a fresh cigarette lately, switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMELS
Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

“Are you Listenin’?”

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR. Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday. Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, “Old Hunch,” and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

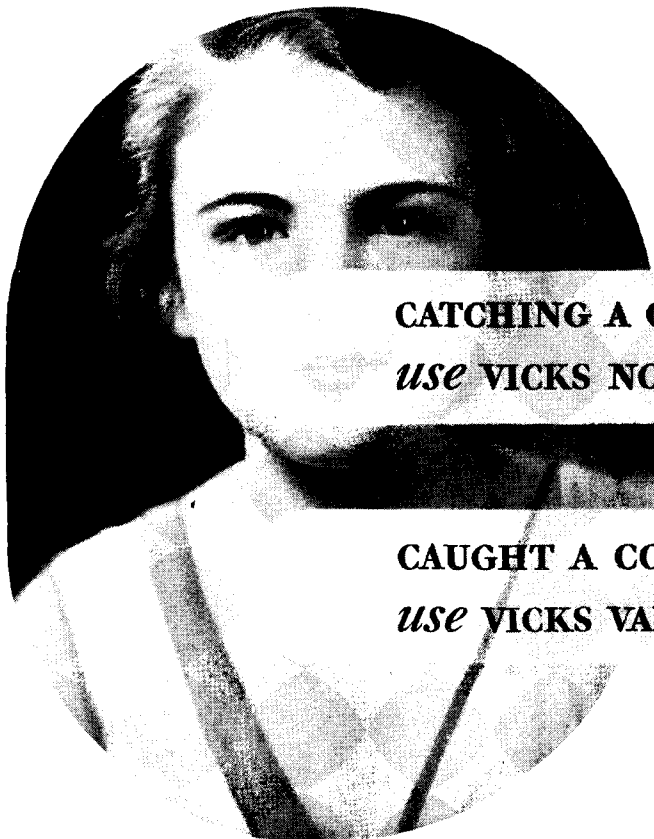


Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

ANXIOUS MOTHERS



CATCHING A COLD ?
use VICKS NOSE DROPS

CAUGHT A COLD ?
use VICKS VAPORUB

-new VICKS PLAN brings you better CONTROL-OF-COLDS

EVERY mother will welcome this further advance in the fight against colds. Years ago, Vicks brought mothers the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. To-day, Vicks chemists have perfected a product based on a new idea for *preventing* colds—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Together, these companion products now form the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Already, this plan is helping millions of mothers to fight colds more effectively. To lessen their number. To lessen their severity. To lessen their cost. Here, briefly, is the plan:

1 Before a cold starts

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first snuffle—Nature's warning of a cold coming on—use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

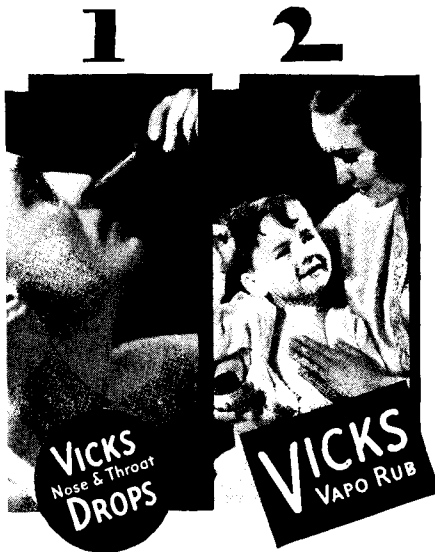
2 After a cold starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster and at the same time gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled to inflamed air passages all night through.

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for greater ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This gives you full 24-hour treatment.

Trial offer to VICKS users

You have Vicks VapoRub. Now get the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops and follow the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist has been instructed to cheerfully return your money to you.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The most curious kind of intoxication on record is that which is brought on by cold water—dripping from a faucet into the ear. After a few times, however, the practice makes one both deaf and crazy.

Germany is developing, in laboratory tests, a new mysterious "Death Tone" machine which, by radiating millions of inaudible vibrations a second, may prove to be capable of destroying airplanes, battleships and armies.

A company is planning to have an airplane fly out from Ireland to the position of the sunken Lusitania, lower a waterproof sack of mail to the deck and then bring it back. The stamps then will be offered—at fancy prices—to stamp collectors.

A new American invention is a little 8-pound electric-light projector for directing airplane traffic over airports. It can throw a green or red signal about 7 miles on a clear, sunlit day.

The human skin is about 10 times thicker on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet than it is on the eyelids.—By Mrs. G. E. Woolf, Vancouver, Washington.

Virtually all Negro spirituals have been composed in churches by entire congregations—after one voice has started the singing with a new first line.

The U. S. S. R. has many villages in which the entire population is engaged in one particular business. The oddest place, undoubtedly, is Khudsorek, where every citizen is a trained, professional poet.

Despite the existence of man on both hemispheres for thousands of years, there was not a single basic food plant or domesticated animal—except the dog—that was common to the two hemispheres before 1492.



New devices: A slot machine which, after you have measured your height and dialed your age, prescribes the number of calories that you need daily; and an accident display board with miniature automobiles, street cars and traffic lights which is used in court-rooms to reenact highway collisions.

In England, there is one place where His Majesty, the King, has no right to enter and where his presence would be bitterly resented—the House of Commons.—By Bert Ross, London, England.

At the beginning of the 19th century, Great Britain still had more than 200 crimes which were punishable by death. To-day, in the United States, some of these offenses are punished only by a suspended sentence.—By Gabriel Alter, Toronto, Canada.

Japanese insecticide manufacturers frequently hold insect memorial services during which they have Buddhist priests offer prayers and burn incense for the souls of the poor little flies, roaches, ants and other bugs that have been murdered by their powder.

"Goodwill Industries," a movement which has spread to 60 American cities, gives employment today to thousands of aged and crippled persons who have been cast off from industry. With a small factory and store, they collect, recondition and resell discarded household goods and clothing—and divide the profit.

To carry on a more effective fight against all forms of religion, the U. S. S. R. has established a "Godless University" where 11,000 students are to be trained in anti-religious propaganda and will receive degrees in plain and fancy ways of killing the age-old faiths of approximately 161,000,000 Russians.

Collier's will pay \$1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





**"I wish
I could write it
on the chart"**

ALL men *should* look alike to a nurse. But they don't—not by any means. We're human after all—so appearance makes a big difference. It's hard to serve a slovenly looking person with the same courtesy you extend one who makes every effort to keep himself tidy.

"What I'm leading up to is simply this:—some men use illness as an excuse to avoid shaving. Of course many patients can neither shave themselves nor have a barber. But I'm not thinking of them. I'm talking about convalescent patients or others in the hospital for observation or minor illness.

"I can't tell you how unpleasant it is to care for a man who tolerates a growth of stubble on his face. All the girls feel this way about it. Just ask any nurse."

THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

The \$2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super Blade—far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—without reservation the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade ask him to get it for you, which he can quickly.

There is no object in publishing her name—but a trained nurse volunteered the accompanying statement during a casual conversation.

If you shave carefully every day or twice a day when necessary—this message only serves its purpose by calling your attention to the razor blade Gillette is making today. We are sincere in our statement—**this is a marvelously keen blade.** It is particularly kind to tender skin—actually gives you a far better shave. Run your hand across your face and see what we mean.

Buy a package of Gillette blades on our guarantee. Get shaving comfort without parallel or return the package to your dealer and he'll refund the entire purchase price.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES

Movie Magician

Continued from page 25



**"GIVE UP COFFEE?
Not on your life!"**

"Do you think I'm going to give up good old coffee? No, sir-ee! And if you're wise, you'll keep right on enjoying coffee, too—Sanka Coffee. It has 97% of the caffeine removed—no fear of caffeine affecting your sleep, nerves, digestion. For proof—make the night-test—drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. Next morning you'll know you can drink Sanka Coffee—without regret. And Sanka Coffee is good! It's a blend of the finest Central and South American coffees. Sold—ground or in the bean—in vacuum-sealed cans—with a money-back guarantee. Take a tip from me—just try Sanka Coffee!"

drink it and sleep!



Accepted by the highest medical authority.
REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

reticent with intimates. He hates to be photographed and has undergone the ordeal only once or twice. He indulges in no wild revels; he has adopted no eccentricities to focus attention upon himself.

Hughes was born on Christmas Eve in 1904, to affluence and the probability of a routine life in Houston, Texas, his native city. The only indication, perhaps, of an artistic bent in the family was the talent of Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who is an uncle. Howard Hughes senior was an engineer who had invented a drill essential to the sinking of oil wells.

When Howard junior was fourteen or fifteen the drill was bringing in large dividends. The oil boom in the Southwest greatly expanded the activities of the Hughes Tool Company and soon thousands of men were employed at factories in Houston, Los Angeles, Oklahoma City and at offices in New York.

A Millionaire Orphan

Howard, an only child, was to take over the business when he grew up; a taste for the mechanical appearing to justify his father's expectation toward that end. He fussed with tools and machinery. He was an ardent radio fan.

Schooling in Houston and California was followed by a year at the Rice Institute in Texas. The plan was for him to enter Massachusetts Tech and then work at the plant of the Hughes Tool Company in Houston. But when Howard was eighteen the face of his whole existence was changed by the death of his father. His mother had died shortly before and the boy became sole heir to an estate which brought in as much as \$2,000,000 annually in dividends.

There were, of course, innumerable lawyers and relatives ready to give advice. They insisted that he continue his education and carry out the arranged program. But the boy promptly demonstrated the independence which was subsequently to shock Hollywood. He did not care much for school, "Although," he confessed, "studying was easy and I got good marks without trying very hard." Howard felt that constant association with his father had taught him the tool business rather thoroughly and he assumed management of the plants. This continued for a year.

It was not a happy year. Everything Howard did reminded him of his father; someone suggested that a trip to Hollywood or some other place in California might lift the depression which gripped him. Meanwhile, under a Texas law which permits minors to assume the rights of citizenship at nineteen, Hughes applied to the courts for authorization to control his estate without supervision. It was granted. He became his own master and soon a definite reason arose for a journey to Hollywood.

He was not a stranger in this curious town. His father, since there was a branch factory in Los Angeles, had often taken Howard there and they had come to know Marshall Neilan, the director, and other motion-picture celebrities. Among these was Ralph Graves, the actor, who remarked on various occasions that the life of a screen star was far from a happy one. He would give anything, he said, to enter some good, sound, legitimate business.

"All right," Hughes senior answered. "I'll give you a job."

To everyone's surprise Graves accepted and was put on the pay roll at

Los Angeles. But six months later he gave the plant cashier a check for the salary he had received. When he saw Hughes senior he said that he had been a failure in business, that he had not earned the money and that he was returning to the screen. Hughes protested that he would not take the money but it was too late; Graves' check had been deposited to the credit of the Hughes Tool Company. The actor refused to accept repayment and there the matter rested when Hughes died.

When the son heard a year later that Graves was anxious to produce a picture independently he went to Hollywood. Here was a chance to make Graves take the money due him. They made a picture which was so bad that it was never released. It still lies, covered with dust, on the shelves of Caddo Productions, the producing unit which Hughes organized soon afterward.

The attorney and executors who had been alarmed when Hughes left school were horrified at this excursion into the costly labyrinths of motion pictures. They said that no income, however large, could withstand the insanities of Hollywood; they predicted that he would lose his shirt. But this merely strengthened his determination. He instructed one rather indignant lawyer to amend the charter of the Caddo Rock Drill Company, a Hughes subsidiary, so that it could produce close-ups of Billie Dove as well as machinery. Why, Hughes asked himself, organize a new corporation when he already owned so many?

The dismal failure of the Graves picture had annoyed Hughes. For his second he engaged Neilan as director. It was called *Everybody's Acting* and it made money. Hughes was far from a striking success as yet, however. The motion-picture colony, particularly its momentarily unemployed, licked its chops over the tasty meal that the Texan and his millions would provide. The reception-room at Caddo Productions was filled with applicants anxious to aid this lucrative millionaire in getting rid of his money.

Not improbably Hughes would really have taken a trimming had it not been for a degree of luck and his obstinate independence. He had been in Hollywood for four or five months when Lewis Milestone, whose work with *All Quiet on the Western Front* ultimately elevated him to the first rank of directors, became involved in one of those quarrels so frequent in the strangest of industries.

Hollywood Changes Its Mind

Hughes hired Milestone to make a war comedy, *Two Arabian Knights*, which was the box-office sensation of 1927-1928. Thereupon Milestone was placed under contract and Hughes had a very valuable asset indeed. *Two Arabian Knights* was followed by *The Racket*, also directed by Milestone. Hollywood became less certain that Hughes would return to Houston in a freight car.

But at this point he was seized with an attack definable only as motion-picture madness. Hughes had long been interested in aviation and he decided to produce an elaborate movie of war in the air. Neilan was to direct *Hell's Angels*, having conceived the title. He found, however, that Hughes had very definite ideas about the story and finally abandoned the project.

Months dragged by as countless

writers wrote and rewrote versions, grew disgusted or were dismissed. The shooting of *Hell's Angels* became quite as idiotic a procedure as anything in *Once in a Lifetime*. Luther Reed took Neilan's place as director and shot some of the scenes. After two months he, too, parted company and Hughes started to direct the picture himself.

All this was in the fall of 1927, a year before the cataclysmic arrival of the talkies. More writers were hired, more technicians, more actors. Fleets of airplanes were chartered, costing sums that rivaled the dividend yield of the Hughes Tool Company, and still there was no picture. By the middle of 1928 thousands of feet of film had been shot at one thousand dollars or more a foot.

Then Hollywood was shaken to its not very profound depths because Al Jolson sang a mammy song into a microphone. All of the yardage of *Hell's Angels* would have to be revised for sound. Now, if ever, Hughes was destined to exhibition as the ignominious failure so long predicted. It became known that he had actually, not merely by press-agent exaggeration, spent almost four million dollars. It was inconceivable that the picture could repay such extravagance.

An Incredible Money-Maker

But it did, and Hughes again had the final chuckle. What was four million dollars to a youth whose income for the last eight years had totaled from fifteen million to twenty million dollars? He continued to plunge in preparation for the release of *Hell's Angels*. An assistant reported that two theaters were available on Broadway; which should be leased? Take them both, directed Hughes, and the show made history by opening in two Broadway houses on the same night. The owners of the *Graf Zeppelin*, which had just crossed the Atlantic and was at Lakehurst, New Jersey, rejected with poignant regret an offer of one hundred thousand dollars to fly over Times Square on the night of the premiere.

All this ballyhoo, while it helped, did not put *Hell's Angels* across. What did it was the stark realism of the air sequences. It became another incredible money-maker. By now its earnings are two million dollars above the investment of four million dollars and they are still coming in. The wise men of Hollywood definitely abandoned their predictions that Hughes would lose his shirt, for he followed this success with *The Front Page*.

Extremely retiring in disposition, Howard Hughes has become Hollywood's man of mystery rather than its sucker. He flies his own planes. He enjoys high-powered automobiles and has models specially geared for speeds far beyond the legal limits. He roars through California real estate developments in these machines and narrowly escaped arrest, on one occasion, for stunting an airplane too low over Malibu Beach. He has a yacht on which there are occasional decorous parties. He is an excellent golfer.

The day is coming, obviously, when Howard Hughes will produce one of the worst failures in the history of the motion picture. The law of averages decrees it. His restless mind makes it certain. But when this happens Hollywood will say nothing about a wealthy young sucker who should have stayed at home making oil-well gadgets. It will explain that even a veteran can make mistakes.

10 : 30 p . m .

... *Let's eat*

INFORMAL parties have a law of gravitation all their own. Sooner or later every one gathers in the kitchen . . . and then the *real* fun of the evening can be said to begin!

Somewhere from the depths of the refrigerator cold cuts of meat, firkins of cheese, butter and bread are conjured forth. Crested emerald bottles of The Champagne of Ginger Ales—chilled and sparkling—are set up. After that, it's every one for himself. And though some of the impromptu sandwiches, to be sure, are unusual, they are all, without exception, delicious.

The informal march of your guests to the kitchen is a sure index of hospitality—always to be expected from your friends—always to be engineered for new acquaintances.

That is why a carton of Canada Dry is so handy to have ready. Whether you serve it as a gesture of welcome to your friends or enjoy it alone with a bedtime snack, The Champagne of Ginger Ales brings an informal distinction and a sparkling gaiety to your evening.

With its new low price and the new large size, Canada Dry is certainly the outstanding value today.

A Dutch Luncheon at Night On the kitchen table set out the makings for a "club sandwich"—made of soft cream cheese mixed with half the quantity each of chopped pineapple and chopped olives on soft graham bread—and uncork a few bottles of Canada Dry. Or use any other of these savory combinations between paper-thin slices of bread: chopped egg and Roquefort cheese moistened with mayonnaise; liverwurst with chopped celery salad; deviled ham and piccalilli; Swiss cheese, tongue, pimiento cheese, and chicken. And then as a nightcap, try half a lime squeezed in a glass of Canada Dry.—*Prepared by SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management.*

THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES



LISTEN IN every Monday at 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, to thrilling true stories of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, broadcast from Station WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations.

© 1932

C A N A D A D R Y

A NEW LOW PRICE • A NEW LARGE SIZE



And that "it" is—
a mild, natural laxative effect!

ADD some milk or cream to a bowlful of Heinz Rice Flakes and enjoy yourself. For you'll like these golden-brown little flakes. They're so crisp and crunchy. So deliciously sweet.

But the real news about them is this: *pure cereal-cellulose—an unusually gentle and effective corrective—is added to Heinz Rice Flakes!*

This cereal-cellulose is made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process and added to Heinz Rice Flakes. It gives these delicious flakes the same healthful laxative quality that Nature gives to the cellulose in prunes, beans, apples, and certain other fruits and vegetables! In fact, Heinz Rice Flakes have what is sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect".

Get Heinz Rice Flakes at your grocer's, to-day, and try them. And be sure to *insist on Heinz*. Remember—they're the *only* rice flakes that have the essential cereal-cellulose added to them!

● Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose. ●

GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE—FREE! . . . Mail the coupon—now—for a generous trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes, enough for three servings, free! See how good these little flakes are—at our expense.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. C-319, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three servings—free of charge.
(This offer is good only in the United States.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS



"No, I hate those fast boats. One scarcely gets the bridge games organized when the trip is over"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North	
S. 9-7-5-3-2	
H. None	
D. 9-7	
C. K-Q-J-10-9-5	
West	
S. None	
H. A-K-Q-10-5-3	
D. A-K-Q-J-6-2	
C. A	
East	
S. 8-4	
H. 9-8-6-4	
D. 5	
C. 8-7-6-4-3-2	
South (Dealer)	
S. A-K-Q-J-10-6	
H. J-7-2	
D. 10-8-4-3	
C. None	

THE above hand is a fine example of slam-bidding and of sacrifice overbidding.

Both sides were vulnerable. South opened with a call of one Spade. West might have doubled or bid his strong Hearts or Diamonds; but instead of any of these he bid two Spades. South was not a psychic addict and consequently East understood West's overcall of South's declaration to mean that West had slam-suggesting strength and that no tricks would be lost in Spades, West surely having either the Ace of Spades or no Spades.

West's hand contained far greater strength than an informatory double could show, while no bid he might make in Hearts or Diamonds would be certain to keep the bidding open for the showing of his other suit.

If West had passed or bid two Hearts or Diamonds. North might soundly have bid four Spades since a four-Spade contract might preempt. But North appreciated the great strength indicated by West's two-Spade bid and, fearing that East and West might work up to a slam bid in Hearts or Diamonds and fulfill their contract, made a semi-defensive bid of three Clubs. He felt certain that the bidding would be kept open, and that later he could assist his partner's Spades.

East passed, quite content to have North play the hand at three Clubs; South called three Spades and West, with a most unusual opportunity to show no losers in a second adverse suit, bid four Clubs, which incidentally emphasized the possibility of a slam in Hearts or Diamonds. North called four Spades, hoping to shut East out. East also knew that West was anxious to have him choose between Hearts and Diamonds, so in spite of his Yarborough he bid five Hearts. After South's

pass West made a bid of seven Hearts.

Now came North's opportunity to make the brilliant sacrifice bid of seven Spades. North saw no probability of defeating the seven-Heart contract which would net East and West at least 2,210 points. North expected to be doubled and set 600 or 1,000 points, but that was better than an adverse vulnerable grand slam. Of course West doubled.

At Auction Bridge East would probably take the bid at six Hearts. North would not overcall with Spades as the slam would not be worth nearly as much as in Contract and the Spade overcall would risk a heavy penalty.

In the play, West made a pardonable but extremely costly error. He led the King of Hearts to trick 1 because East had bid the suit; but that fact should have suggested the danger of an adverse void Heart suit and an immediate ruff. The Diamond suit, which no one had bid, was much more likely to escape that fate.

Dummy ruffed the initial lead and Declarer could not tell whether West held no Clubs or the singleton Ace, and in order to find out he led the Five of Clubs from Dummy and ruffed with the Ace of trumps. If West had refused, Declarer would have drawn trumps and put dummy in by ruffing a second Heart to force the Ace of Clubs from East. Then dummy would be put in with a third Heart ruff, and South would discard his Diamonds on dummy's high Clubs. When West's Ace of Clubs fell at trick 2, Declarer's task was simple. He drew two rounds of trumps, put dummy in with a Heart ruff, and discarded four Diamonds and a Heart on dummy's Clubs. North's intended "sacrifice," aided and abetted by West's "fumble," turned out to be a "hit" which made a difference of about 5,000 points in his favor.

Next Week's Hand

North		East	
S. A-K-9-8-5		S. 6-3-2	
H. Q-J		H. 9-6-3	
D. A-4-3		D. J-10-7-6	
C. A-K-J		C. 7-4-2	
West		South (Dealer)	
S. 4		S. Q-J-10-7	
H. 10-8-7-5-4-2		H. A-K	
D. K-Q		D. 9-8-5-2	
C. 9-6-5-3		C. Q-10-8	

The Most Bountiful Basket That Ever Came Into Your Kitchen!

Never before has such an abundance of fine, wholesome food been yours to pick and choose—never before has so great a variety of good things tempted the family table—never before have really outstanding meals been so easy to plan, to purchase, to prepare and to serve! And why not? World-famous dietitians and cooks of international repute conspire to help you!

At this very moment millions of dollars are being spent in hundreds of spic and span experimental kitchens to relieve you from the worry and work of providing three meals a day for your family—

Old food-favorites are being imbued with new nourishment—new and delightful delicacies are being found in the four corners of the earth to add flavorful piquancy to your parties—newly perfected method of preservation and new and swifter means of transportation are bringing the finest foods the whole wide world affords straight to your table.

Food to make the most fastidious of fathers forget his table manners and become, for the time being, an eager ten-year-old—food to build sturdy, strong young bodies—food to delight dinner guests—to make every meal you serve a savory surprise.

And it's so simple!

To read the food advertisements in any modern magazine is to take a trip through the greatest market the world has ever known! Here, without rising from your cozy chair, you will find the purest, choicest foods ever produced made easily available. Here, free for the asking, you may collect hundreds of tempting, tested recipes—here you may buy bargains that would have amazed the thrifty housewife of yesterday.

Here, at your ease and without effort, you may fill the most bountiful market basket that ever came into your kitchen to the surprised delight of your family and your budget.

Read and rejoice.

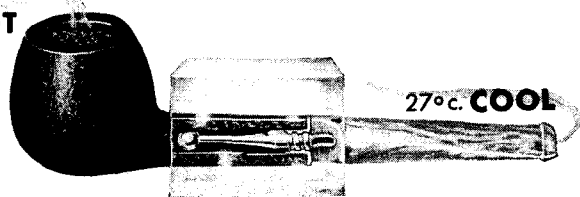


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17 times as cool...

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A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 13

championship of the world. He asked if there was any politician we knew who could help him out. He said, "Now this is a game we are all in and we have to help each other."

Billy said he would see what he could do. I voiced the same sentiment. After the meeting I got in touch with Jimmy Eagleton, who suggested going to see James Riordan, a friend of his, who was also an associate and close personal friend of Alfred E. Smith, then governor of New York. Riordan sympathized with us but regretted he could do nothing. He suggested that we go see a friend of his.

This friend was a bookmaker of ready wit and affable personality who had ingratiated himself in some way with Governor Smith. Eagleton and I visited him.

Why Tunney Favored New York

The reason for my personal desire to have the fight take place in New York rather than New Jersey, the site the contract called for, was that New Jersey had a law that allowed twelve-round no-decision matches. The New York state boxing law called for fifteen rounds with a decision. I was confident that I could outpoint Dempsey in any number of rounds; but knocking him out inside twelve was another matter. If the contest were held in New Jersey and Dempsey were on his feet at the end of twelve rounds, even though he were beaten decisively in every round, he would still be champion, the law allowing no official decision. In New York, although I might not knock out Dempsey, if I won on points I would get the official decision and with it the world's heavyweight championship.

Rickard wanted New York because a decision at the end of a contest appeals more to the public, particularly when it involves a championship. It makes a great difference in gate receipts.

The next day Billy Gibson and I left for Hollywood.

During my stay in California Rickard announced that he had matched Dempsey and me. This precipitated a serious fight between Rickard and the Boxing Commission, and soon made me the recipient of overtures from persons who represented themselves as having influence with the Boxing Commission which they would be glad to exercise for a cut of my earnings.

It is difficult for the average person to understand this custom of giving contracts to managers, agents, *et cetera* for certain percentages of one's earnings. It is a curious custom and is practiced only in the boxing profession. Professional boxing has proportionately more split-commission men and parasites than any other professional sport excepting horse-racing; but there they deal in horseflesh while in boxing it is human flesh. These unscrupulous persons are ever ready to muscle in on the earnings of the unsuspecting and guileless pugilist—but not willing to take a percentage of the punches for their cut.

Now in my opinion no professional man gives as much of himself to his profession as the pugilist. I base my opinion on a study of the ex-pugilists. What profession has left as many derelicts in its wake? Pugilism is a virile and noble sport, but for the vast majority, an exacting and uncompensating profession. A great deal of the destitution amongst ex-pugilists is due to these cold-blooded managers, agents and split-commission men—panderers in male flesh every whit as immoral as traders in female beauty.

The Boxing Commission was boiling hot when I returned to New York. Rickard said: "Commissioners Farley and Brower are against Commissioner Muldoon in voting to bring the fight to New York. If Brower does not change his vote in a week, I am going to Chicago to arrange for a site there." He advised me to start training.

Commissioner William A. Muldoon, who was the oldest member of the commission and knew the boxing game inside out, was anxious to have the Dempsey-Tunney match take place in New York. Commissioner Brower voted with Farley to bar the match from New York on the ground that Dempsey was ineligible in the State of New York until he accepted the challenge of Harry Wills and fought him first. Neither Rickard nor Muldoon wanted the Wills-Dempsey match. Muldoon was against it because of Wills' failure to meet me for the privilege of meeting Dempsey, by which he felt Wills had disqualified himself. Moreover, he was opposed to a mixed match for the heavyweight championship. He remembered the after effects of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. Rickard was guided by Muldoon.

Commissioner Muldoon has been a great figure in American sports. He dates back four generations, and has played a leading rôle in each. I am indebted to Commissioner Muldoon for much advice and unswerving support throughout my career. He has always been a fearless and honest arbiter of boxing, and to him and James J. Walker, who wrote and had passed under his name the present law permitting boxing in the State of New York, is largely due the credit for the success that boxing has had throughout the country. Every boxer of the past decade owes a great deal to these two lovers of boxing.

More Trouble Ahead

I established my training camp at Tom Luther's Saratoga White Sulphur Springs Hotel, the same training camp that Sammy Kelly had shown me in 1919. Several days later Rickard left for Chicago. The Chicago people were most anxious to have the fight take place there. On the eve of the signing of the contracts Commissioner Brower, listening to the protests of the Hotel Men's Association, the Fifth Avenue Association, and other civic, business and patriotic organizations, wired Rickard in Chicago that if he would again consider New York as the site for the championship fight he would change his vote. Rickard immediately dropped negotiations in Chicago and left for New York.

At the next meeting of the Boxing Commission, Commissioners Brower and Muldoon voted to allow the Dempsey-Tunney fight for the heavyweight championship of the world to take place in New York. At the conclusion of this meeting Chairman Farley said, "Well, I have done all I could to enforce the rulings of this commission with regard to champions accepting challenges within the stipulated period. Being outvoted in this case, I wash my hands of it."

All of us who were interested in the fight rejoiced at the decision of the commission. Our rejoicing, however, was a bit premature. It was presently discovered that the License Committee, which had been so unimportant for years, was to have the final say. Col. John J. Phelan, it was learned, was chairman of this committee of two. The law called for three but upon the resignation of one member some years back, the committee was not considered

of sufficient importance for the governor to bother about appointing another member.

It was getting late in the summer, practically August. Hoping to stir the good colonel into action, Rickard somehow arranged for me to visit Phelan at his camp in Peekskill, New York. It was evident to me during the visit that he was determined to delay his decision as long as possible. He undoubtedly knew that he was going to refuse Dempsey a license and thereby prevent the match being held in New York. It was patent that unless he made his decision without much delay, it would be too late for arrangements to be made for the fight to be held in some other city.

No License for Dempsey

Upon hearing my request the veteran soldier said, "Gene, I wouldn't do anything to hurt you or injure your chance. We've too many mutual friends."

"Then I can be assured that both Dempsey and I will receive licenses so that this fight can be held in New York?" I asked.

"No, no, no, I'm making no promise of that kind. I'm not going to allow this matter to bother me up here. I have my boys here to train and they come first. When we get back to New York I'll give this matter consideration, not before then," he returned.

I left the camp somewhat disheartened.

In due course, Colonel Phelan returned to New York to attend to the matter of boxing licenses. It was arranged that Jack Dempsey and I appear at the first meeting of the License Committee and make formal application. We came down from our training camps. Phelan, having no good reason to withhold it, gave me my license, but withheld Dempsey's on the ground that Jack had refused the Wills match. Whereupon Gene Normile, Dempsey's manager, showed a contract Dempsey had signed with Floyd Fitzsimmons to fight Wills in a no-decision contest in Michigan City in 1925. This stumped Colonel Phelan, who sent for Wills. Wills was modestly cake-walking up and down the outer chamber of the commission office where he had come hoping to be able to challenge Dempsey personally. Wills admitted he had been a party to such a contract.

Dempsey received no license. The meeting was over. All was finished but the picture-taking. Chairs were provided for Dempsey and me to sit together for a picture. While the cameramen were arranging their apparatus, upon seeing Wills pass into another room, Jack said: "That Wills will never get a chance at the heavyweight championship. I'll fix him. When this fight is over I'm going to make it clear that he will never get a chance at the title as long as I am champion."

The naïveté of that statement amused me. I had caught Jack off his guard. Always in his public statements, Dempsey was respectful toward the chances of a prospective opponent. I could see that in the back of his mind there was no question about the outcome of this match. Not wishing to change that picture then, I ignored it completely and said, "Yes, that fellow has caused us both plenty of trouble." I am sure that Jack was absolutely unconscious of having given me a glimpse of his mind.

Commissioner Brower, who was the only lawyer on the commission, usually guided it in its legal opinions. He advised Colonel Phelan that he had usurped illegal authority in refusing to grant both licenses. He wired Attorney-General Albert Ottinger's office in Albany for its opinion.

The following day Ottinger wired Brower it was the opinion of the Attorney-General's office that the License

Committee had no authority to withhold the license for a bout that had been sanctioned by the Boxing Commission.

The veteran soldier, however, refused to be moved. His position was untenable but he stuck to it. Commissioner Brower advised Rickard to apply for a court injunction restraining Phelan from interfering with the promotion of the contest. Rickard's lawyers drew the necessary legal papers. But as he was about to make application for the injunction the chairman of the Sesquicentennial celebration, representatives of Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia and Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania and the chairman of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission called on Rickard at his office in Madison Square Garden and asked him to take the fight to Philadelphia. They were ready to guarantee him any protection he thought necessary. Rickard called Commissioner Muldoon, who advised him to take the fight to Philadelphia. After a three-hour conference, an agreement was signed and the fight was transferred to the Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia. September 23, 1926, was the date set.

Dempsey and I were notified of the change in the site. We were obliged to change our training camps to the vicinity of Philadelphia.

But to get back. After Rickard advised me to resume training I knew that he was determined to hold the fight somewhere in the United States. It became a matter of pride with Rickard. Though there was a possibility that the match would have to go to a state that did not allow decisions, I knew that Tex was going to promote the thing somewhere. He was the type that usually went through with whatever he had set his mind on doing. I set to work in earnest, realizing this was to be the opportunity I had worked seven years to get.

Dempsey Under Scrutiny

For every hour I had given to Tommy Gibbons' style of ring peculiarities, I gave five to the study of Dempsey's. Back in 1921, after the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, I engaged Larry Williams, who had been Dempsey's chief sparring partner, to come up to my camp in Red Bank. I wanted to find out things about Jack Dempsey.

Larry was a smart, fast, good-hitting heavy, who at the beginning used to say about me, "Good, game boy!" Larry pasted me plenty. In 1923, Larry said, "He's as hard to hit as Battling Levinsky, and hits faster than Dempsey. In another year, he will surely lick the champion."

Whenever I heard of a fellow that had boxed with Dempsey, I tried to engage him as a sparring partner. In this way I got a good deal of information. I had seen the Dempsey fights, with Brennan, Carpentier and Firpo, and had studied at length the moving pictures of each. In the Brennan fight at old Madison Square Garden, though Dempsey showed a lack of skill, he was fast and tireless. He won by sheer stick-to-itiveness. But his lack of boxing skill interested me.

In the Carpentier fight, when the small Frenchman clouted him on the cheek bone with a long right-hand punch in the second round, he was dazed. He swayed for a moment like a sapling in a stiff wind. I saw that Dempsey was not invincible.

In the Firpo fight, as he rushed out of his corner in the first round with a left hook that started as he left his chair, I saw that in excitement he was an open target. Though the Firpo fight was three years after the Brennan fight, I saw no improvement in his technique. I was convinced that there could be no improvement while he possessed that

(Continued on page 38)

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YOU may be a chronic gloom at 7 —but a Saline Cocktail will have you singing and smiling at half past!

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cleansing. Constipation quickly disappears. The bloodstream is purified. Acidity leaves you. Colds, digestive disorders, rheumatism—all give way to this, the simplest, pleasantest, most effective saline laxative. It's a blended saline, entirely different from coarse, common salts.

Sal Hepatica's salines have the same action as the health spas of Europe. They're the American equivalent of such celebrated Continental springs as Wiesbaden, Carlsbad, and Aix, where thousands of wealthy men and women renew their health each year.

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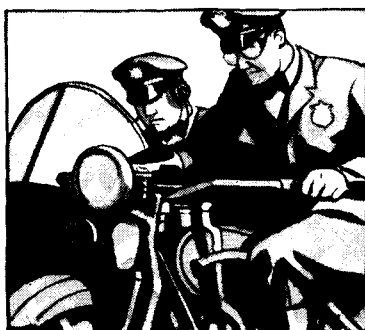
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Electric radio telephone apparatus, voices are transmitted clearly.
The skill and progressive viewpoint of Bell Telephone 
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Western Electric
LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

(Continued from page 37)

deadly punch. He was not the kind of fellow, I reasoned, who interested himself in skill. He depended on his wallop. Most all good hitters do!

I believed a skilful man, game, with a fair punch, a capacity to absorb punishment and more than the average endurance, would defeat Dempsey. This appraisal of Dempsey was prejudiced, of course. I believed what I wanted to believe. After the Firpo fight in 1923, I took stock of myself objectively. I decided at that time that, though I had not all the necessary qualifications, I did have a fair nucleus upon which to build.

I thought constant application to the kind of bag punching I had devised would give me the necessary punch. Lots of sensible road work would develop endurance, and a change in diet to include two quarts of milk daily would gradually increase my fighting weight. I decided to give it a trial. Whether I was training for a fight or not, I kept up these things—bag punching, road work, and the new diet.

This new schedule, added to the old one of hand exercises which I had never let a day go by without doing, somewhat filled my day. I made it a rule to be in bed before ten each night. I gradually increased in weight, endurance and hitting power. I learned a good deal of the importance of timing in hitting from golf. I discovered that the secret of timing was to have the punch land on the target at the moment of maximum speed and power. A scientific blow to get the best results should be delivered like the snap of a whip, the blow to land at the end of the snap. I learned that it was easier to score a knockout with a jolting punch than with a heavy swinging blow. When my training started for the Dempsey contest, I felt that I had the necessary qualifications—skill, speed, punch and endurance. The boxing experts were almost to a man picking me to be knocked out in a round or two. One, a couple of days before the fight, said: "It will last until Dempsey gets far enough from his corner to hit Tunney, who will be too frightened to leave his chair—a

matter of some fractions of a second."

I was always curious to read what the experts had to say about the fight I was going to engage in and had the habit of reading all the newspapers. One night, while lying in the cabin I had built on the edge of Lake Pleasant so that I might be alone and away from the noise of the camp, I got to thinking of the fight.

The predictions of the experts became vivid. What if I should be knocked out? Suppose these fellows were right? They couldn't all be fools. What if I should be slaughtered?

Knocked out! What did it mean? I had never even been knocked down. How would it feel?

I saw myself down—dazed—getting to one knee—rising at the count of nine—my nose broken and bleeding—mouth open, eyes glassy, the ring whirling. I could see Dempsey, the killer, stepping out from behind the referee with another murderous punch—or two. Down again—this time on my face, the crowd on the backs of the seats cheering and shouting, the women screaming, my friends saddened.

Suddenly the bed was shaking. The mind's picture had me trembling. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. This must stop. . . . If it doesn't you'll be defeated before entering the ring!

"Tunney," I said, "are you going to let this opportunity for which you have worked seven years be lost because you're yellow? Because on the eve of the great event you haven't the guts to see it through? Is that the kind of coward you are? No! No! No! Well, this sort of thing must not happen again. Don't ever even think of such a thing again. Suppose you're killed. What of it? What does death matter? There are worse possibilities."

Presently, as the water gently lapped along the shore, I fell off the brink of consciousness. Sleep.

I read no more newspapers. I gradually developed a mental fortification that brought me into the ring smiling and serene.

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.



Divided We Fall

Continued from page 19

safe thing f'r us is to keep remembering 't we're dumb."

"You ain't," Clem declared. "Look at how slick you thought up how to get out of going over there f'r supper."

Bert, for once, was obliged to admit the charge.

"Kind of got the best of her, that time, f'r a fact." He grinned. "Come to me all of a sudden, that notion. Surprised me, it did."

By the time they sat down to their regular Sunday supper of bread and milk, the twins had almost recovered their normal serenity of soul. They were collaborating skillfully at their dish-washing when a tapping, gentle but peremptory, drew their startled glances to the door.

SHAWLED, now and hatted, Belle Temlow entered in response to Clem's quavering invitation.

"I just thought I'd ride down to the Corners with you," she announced. "I've been wanting to see Mary Tupper all week, but somehow I couldn't seem to get round to it."

There was a stricken silence.

"We—we're apt to be real late getting back," Bert said, at last.

Belle smiled. "That'll be nice. The moon'll be up by nine. I haven't had a nice moonlight ride since I dunno when." She looked at Bert. "You skip along, now, and hitch up. I want to talk to Clem about one of my mortgages that's been worrying me."

There was another interval of intense silence. Clem's gaze hung beseechingly upon his brother's face.

"Clem and me—" Bert spoke with strong effort—"we kind of got in the habit of doing most everything together. I wouldn't hardly know how to hitch up by myself."

The twins withdrew in earnest haste. In the darkness of the stable they worked with swift, practiced harmony. The horse was harnessed before Clem found his tongue:

"Real smart, the way you got us out of that, Bert."

"Took the two of us to do it," Bert said. "And she come mighty close to getting the best of us, too." He clicked his tongue—a sound, to Clem's ear, of dark foreboding. "No use trying to make out we're slick enough to handle this here thing by ourselves."

He climbed to his appointed place on the spring seat and backed the wagon out into a twilight that had suddenly become sinister.

"But we got to handle it," Clem said. "We just got to figure out some way to—"

"We ain't got the brains f'r it," Bert said with decision. "But we know who has." His voice cheered. "And soon's we leave Belle to Mary Tupper's we're going to keep right ahead to Canastego and get our figuring done f'r us by somebody 't knows how!"

Clem struck his thigh. "Uncle Amos! Say, Bert, ain't I always claimed you had a good head on you?"

"I ain't," Bert said with stubborn modesty, "but Uncle Amos has!"

Almost gayly, now, his whistle entertained the evening to listen to the mocking-bird, and, after a moment, the sprightly air was hopefully ornamented by trills and runs and grace notes contributed by Clem. Thus musically, in spite of Belle Temlow's endeavors to enmesh them in spoken conversation, the brothers doggedly beguiled the perilous journey to the Corners. Having here discharged their passenger, they continued to whistle during the steeper

descent to Canastego and the guiding counsels of Uncle Amos Lebbeter.

Uncle Amos, discovered at the night-shirt stage of his early bed-going, wrapped a patchwork quilt about his shoulders and gave ear to Clem's laborious recital.

"So we figured the best thing to do was to come straight down and get your advice."

The word, as always, appeared to bring a brighter gleam to Uncle Amos' birdy eye.

"That's where you showed more sense 'n what I thought you had," he approved. "Only chance you boys got is leaving somebody else do your thinking for you."

He proceeded lavishly to advise them. The art of staying single, as revealed by Uncle Amos, appeared to be a formidably complicated task.

"But the main thing," Uncle Amos summed up, "is never to leave her work on your weak spot. That's their strongest holt. They got the instink for finding a man's weak spot before he knows what 'tis himself." He meditated. "Trouble with you boys lays right there. You ain't got no spots except weak ones."

The twins pondered. Bert saw a gleam of hope.

"We got one big purtection, anyhow. We got you helping us out with your advice."

Uncle Amos, nodding in acceptance of the tribute, pointed out the flawed reasoning behind it.

"Advice ain't much use without it's where you can get it. And you're real app to need it a sight quicker'n you can drive down here after it."

"That's so," Bert dedicated himself anew to mental effort. "Maybe you could come up to our place kind of often, evenings. It ain't such a long trip in a car."

Uncle Amos, visibly, was tempted by his magnanimous desire to be of service.

"I'd like to, first-rate, but I do a sight of business, evenings. Can't keep driving up yonder, every night, rest of my life, not even to help you boys stay single."

THERE was another interval of deep thought.

"Wouldn't need to keep it up f'rever," Bert suggested. "Only long enough f'r Belle to get the notion you got your eye on us."

A glitter showed itself in Uncle Amos' eye. His nostrils expanded slightly, as if, afar, they caught the stimulating scent of battle smoke.

"That's right, Bert. I'll be up tomorrow night. Might's well start right in serving notice on her, you might say, that it ain't no use."

Sighing in joint relief, the twins expressed their gratitude and took their leave. All the way back to the Corners they whistled, not joyously, perhaps, but with reviving hope.

Belle Temlow, craftily thwarted in her endeavor to sit between them, took defeat with good grace. She spoke with favor of the night and of the large pinkish moon that swam up over the treetops. This, she averred, had a queer effect upon her.

"Moonlight always makes me feel kind of lonesome. Like being homesick."

The twins edged a little nearer together, discreetly forbearing to reply. Bert endeavored, defensively, to whistle the jiggy tune about the Georgia camp-

(Continued on page 40)

"Ozite made even our old rugs so soft...we seem to sink into them ankle-deep"



"I can't believe it's the same old rug"

SOFT and "downy"

underfoot—rugs that yesterday were thin and ordinary. Family and friends notice the change at once. And husbands bless the quiet that Ozite brings.

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Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets"...including information on stain removal.

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(Continued from page 39)

meeting, but Belle, it seemed, was not in the mood for lively music.

"Whistle Juanita, Bert."

Unwarily, Bert complied. Belle, in a whispering alto, sang the dreadful words:

"Nita, Wha-ha-ha-ni-ta,
Be my own true bride!"

The brazen directness of this attack reduced the twins to a shortage of breath that made whistling as impossible as speech. Belle, however, seemed not to notice the strained quality of their silence. Her tongue wagged on, and its words were more disturbing, even, than the song had been. She spoke again, rather softly, of the effect of moonlight on a body's feelings; she alluded to the sorrowfulness of solitary life, to its practical difficulties.

"And that reminds me. I do wish you'd stop in tomorrow, Clem, and tell me what I'd ought to do about that mortgage. I'm real worried about it."

Clem's voice refused to thaw sufficiently for use. His silence was mistaken for consent.

"I'm ever so much obliged," Belle said. Providentially, just then, the wagon arrived at her gate. She climbed down over the wheel, steadying her descent by a possessive clutch upon Clem's nerveless wrist.

"It's been a real lovely ride. I do hope you'll ask me again, sometime."

Once more she seemed to construe silence as affirmative.

"I'm real obliged. Good night."

The twins achieved a creaking, wordless murmur. They drove down their lane a dozen rods before Clem, at last, found speech.

"She ain't going to let up about that there mortgage till she—till she catches us sep'rate, and then—" he couldn't finish the sentence. "We got to do something, Bert. We got to!"

Bert gave himself mightily to thought. Presently, the team having been unharnessed, his labors fruited.

"We can make her quit pestering us about that mortgage, anyhow. We only got to ask Uncle Amos to tell her what she'd ought to do about it. That'll fix her! She can't claim she needs no advice off us when she can get it off Uncle Amos."

Clem breathed deeply.

"That's right." Admiration warmed his tone. "You certainly figured that out almighty slick, Bert."

They were not greatly troubled when, as they collaborated on their Monday dinner, Belle Temlow presented herself at the kitchen door. Even her statement that she had come to consult Clem about her dubious investment failed to alarm them; they regarded it rather as proof that they were not, after all, so dog-gone dumb. They had foreseen this; they were, moreover, forearmed against it.

"WOULDN'T be a mite of use to talk to me and Bert about it," Clem said. "We don't know nothing about mortgages. But we figured out how to help you handle that there business. Uncle Amos said he'd come up tonight. We'd just as lief ask him to tell you what you'd ought to do."

Belle's eyes widened.

"Oh, would you?"

"Just 's lief 's not."

"That'd be wonderful. I'd sooner get Ame Lebbeter's advice, any time, than a lawyer's. If you think he wouldn't mind—"

"He'd be glad to," Clem said. "Real free-handed, Uncle Amos is—about advice. He likes to give it. Go out of his way, most any time, to do it."

"It'd be wonderful," Belle repeated. "If you're perfectly sure it wouldn't be too much bother for him—"

The twins, unitedly, were sure. In this certainty Uncle Amos, arriving just as they finished washing their supper dishes, immediately justified them. His eye acquired a brighter gleam, as usual, at the first mention of the word advice.

"Beginning to ack 's if you had brains," he said. "That's how you got to handle her." He paused. "What's the matter with her mortgage?"

The twins shook their heads. Clem spoke. "She didn't say. Just claimed it was worrying her."

Uncle Amos frowned thoughtfully.

"Wouldn't wonder. Sight of worry about a mortgage, no matter which end of it you got hold of." He meditated. "Seems to me that Seth Temlow loaned Milt Humber some money on that timber land of Milt's, two-three years back. Hear Milt's been dickering to sell off the timber, too. Prob'ly figures he's safe, long as he's only got a lone woman to deal with." He clicked his tongue. "Be quite a surprise to Milt if he finds out different."

He rose.

"I better step over right away."

The twins earnestly concurred in this. From their doorway they watched Uncle Amos' brisk passage along the lane. Seated on the step they smoked placidly until, after a considerable interval, he returned.

"Lucky thing f'r Belle I come along just when I did," he announced. "Milt Humber pretty near had her talked into leaving him sell off the timber without paying her a cent on that there mortgage!" He inhaled audibly and with indignation. "It cert'nly beats all how a mean man'll try to get the best of a lone woman that don't know nothing about business! But Milt Humber's due to get a surprise, nex' time he comes up here to try and soft-sawder Belle!"

HE SET foot on the running board of the car.

"Got to be starting home."

Clem protested urgently, pointing out that he and Bert hadn't had hardly no chance at all to get advice off Uncle Amos about their own affairs.

"Oh!" Uncle Amos sounded startled, as if he'd forgotten the purpose of his visit. "Oh, yes. Well, we'll get more chance to talk tomorrow night."

Clem was much relieved.

"Didn't hardly hope you could get back again so quick. It's real good of you to take so much trouble."

Uncle Amos waved his hand.

"Glad to do it," he said. He sounded, Clem thought, as if he meant this. The car slid away into the locust shadows of the lane. Clem sighed.

"I guess we don't need to worry," he suggested hopefully.

"Guess not," Bert agreed.

And in this comfortable state of mind the twins went placidly to bed.

MILT HUMBER spoke with a sour relish that might have been related, possibly, to disappointment in the matter of a certain scheme to sell his mortgaged timber.

"You two lunkheads don't deserve no symp'thy," he declared. "Got yourselves to thank. Serves you right."

The twins regarded him with mild inquiry.

"You was all the blood kin Ame Lebbeter had," Mr. Humber continued. "Stood to heir every cent of his prop'ty off him, if you'd 've kepp your long noses outa other folks' business."

His face and voice curdled to a more acute acidity. The twins, except for a quadruplicate elevation of eyebrow, forebore to answer.

"Go outa your way to get him up to your place so's Belle Temlow can get plenty of chance at him! Slickest marrier in the county, and you two take and sic her on your uncle!" Mr. Humber laughed with some bitterness. "Get him giving her advice, when everybody knows 't Ame Lebbeter 'd sooner give advice than eat free vittles! Uh-huh. You boys pick out the weakest spot Ame's got and start Belle Temlow working spang on it!"

Twin glances of dawning comprehension passed between the Lebbeters.

"Couldn't 've made no surer of getting your rich uncle married off," Humber summed up, lifting his whip above the rump of his dejected mare, "not if you'd had brains and started out to do it a-puppse."

His buckboard rattled on. The silence of deep thought lay, for some minutes, upon the twins. Slowly, hopefully, Clem's face brightened.

"By gorry, Bert! We ain't so dumb! Cert'nly looks 's if we figured out a real slick way to—stay single, don't it?"

Bert shook his head. "We didn't figure it out," he insisted. He paused. Slowly his face duplicated the hopeful aspect of his brother's.

"Maybe, though," he said, "we kind of got an instink f'r it."



"Well, Thomas, how we goin' to get anywhere if ya can't stop blushin' at th' conversation of th' women?"

Ralph Fuller

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 11

longer duration. One day when he had not got up at all he sent for her about sunset. She found him sitting in bed, looking out over the parade ground where a battery of mountain guns was maneuvering. His appearance shocked her. Taking both her hands, he drew her over to him, and kissed her.

"Well, my dear," he said, making an effort to smile. "So you've been playing croquet with Marko? How do you like the rascal?"

"Very much," she answered truthfully enough.

"Good! And you like Illyria?"

"I love it!"

He felt for a parchment that lay upon the coverlid beside him, and handed it to her.

"Read that. Take your time."

HE FITTED a cigarette into the amber holder on the bed table and lit it, watching her.

"I, Stephan Stephanovitch," she read, "by the Grace of God, King of Illyria, by virtue of my supreme sovereignty, hereby revoke, and render null and void and of no effect, the so-called renunciation of my deceased eldest son Dushan, former crown prince—"

"Grandfather! What is this?" she cried.

"Something which I should have done twenty years ago! I hope it isn't too late! It's a retroactive ukase revoking Dushan's renunciation of the throne, creating your mother a royal princess, and recognizing his marriage to her as valid for all purposes. This will make you from now on a member of the royal family. You will be 'Royal Highness.'"

"Oh, Grandfather! How wonderful of you!"

"I haven't signed it yet. I wanted to talk it over with you first. It's only a preliminary step to something else. I'm likely to die at any time. I'm trying to put my house in order, and I want you to become Queen of Illyria."

Could he be serious? She—Helen Stevens—a queen? He was looking at her anxiously. She could think of nothing to say. Was she fit to be a ruler?

"How does it strike you?" He patted her hand. "It's a solution of everything. It continues the throne in the senior branch—and through my eldest son. It gets rid of Milan. It saves the country from revolution. It prevents war with Italy. It's eminently practical. I'm absolute monarch. I can do as I choose. You're already popular and you will become more so as you are better known. To see you on the throne would give me the greatest happiness. There's only one little doubt about it. If, having made you of the blood royal by ukase, I should go farther and, disregarding the Salic law of succession which excludes the female line, should abdicate in your favor, it might precipitate the same sort of row we're trying to avoid. While you're half Stephanovitch, you're practically a foreigner, you've only been here a month, and you can't speak the language. It would give Milan an excuse to appeal to national prejudice and, once I was gone, you might find yourself in a difficult if not impossible situation."

The glitter of the bauble faded.

"Don't you see the solution?"

She shook her head.

"If you would marry—Marko—"

"Marry Marko!"

"Yes, why not? He's all right, and he wants to marry you. You like him. Even if you didn't it wouldn't be fatal. You'd find someone you did, presently. The marriage would unite both lines. It would be a master stroke—immensely

popular! I would abdicate in your favor, with Marko as prince consort. Milan would be out of it for good. Italy wouldn't dare to interfere. For the sake of the country! For my sake, Stephanie! For the sake of your father!" he coaxed.

"Oh, Grandfather! Do you think I could?"

"Of course you could! Aren't you Dushan's daughter—and my granddaughter? It's the only way to save the country. With Kosovo behind you, you could handle it all right. You'd make a wonderful queen—the most beautiful in Europe!"

As he spoke she saw in her imagination the troops massed in the parade ground as on that first afternoon, with her grandfather upon his white charger at their head. She heard the band, the rumbling gun carriages, the shouts—only now they were for her—"Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!" With her grandfather at her side! Her father would have wished it. It would be thrilling to be a queen—"Queen Stephanie of Illyria!" Why not marry Marko? Her affair with Brent was a thing of the past. He had not even answered her letter. Illyria was now her country. Marko would make a marvelous prince consort. He was terribly in love with her, sometimes inconveniently so. And she was rather in love with him. It would settle everything!

"Of course we'll have to proceed cautiously," he continued. "Milan will try to make trouble, but he'll have no real ground to stand on. I have the right to nominate my successor and the people will respect my wishes. It will be three against one. I, you and Marko. We must take him by surprise. First, I'll issue my ukase ennobling your mother and recognizing your father's marriage, which automatically makes you a royal princess. Everybody will think that it has been done merely so that you can marry Marko, who is already known to have fallen in love with you. Nobody will suspect that there is anything else behind it. Then, at the July maneuvers, when the entire army is mustered here, I'll announce my abdication and you will become queen without any opposition. Milan will be helpless, for I shall still be here with the nobles and the army behind me. Do not disappoint me, Stephanie!"

SHE could hear the thunder of the guns, the pealing bells—see the fluttering flags, the kneeling multitude. The feet of Helen Stevens were no longer on the ground. Still—she hesitated.

"Give me your promise—your solemn promise as Dushan's daughter to accept the sacred trust which I shall confide to you," he pleaded.

He raised his head and held out his arms. "For my sake, Stephanie!"

She could not refuse.

"If you wish it, Grandfather."

He leaned back his head upon the pillow.

"Then I can die happy!" he said. "With God's help we shall defeat Milan, circumvent Italy, and make you Queen of Illyria!"

Stephanie bent and kissed his forehead. "May God make me worthy of your trust, dear Grandfather!" she said.

The King's ukase, recognizing the original union between Stephanie's father and mother as a royal marriage, was made public coincident with the announcement of her private betrothal to Prince Marko, and both were received with general approval.

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

But amid the enthusiasm of the congratulations showered upon her, Stephanie did not fail to notice that Josephine's were lukewarm. It almost seemed as if the girl were jealous of her friend's accession to royal rank.

Her relations with Marko had entered a new and, to Stephanie, a somewhat disquieting phase. While the etiquette of the court strictly prescribed that they should not be alone together, even though engaged, Marko managed on two or three occasions to bring about secret or unexpected meetings, at which his actions as an accepted suitor were such as to make Stephanie wonder whether her previous conceptions of being in love had any basis. Apparently he considered himself in the light of a husband *de facto*, if not *de jure*, and she found herself often repelled and sometimes disgusted by his familiarities.

It struck her as peculiar that the man who had been so punctilious in his conduct as a lover, so gallant and deferential in his manner, should change his attitude toward her, however slightly, now that he was to become her husband. At times it seemed to Stephanie that he acted almost as if he were doing her a favor to consent to share the throne with her. At any rate, he showed an entirely new side—and a very childish one. He was excitable, noisy, possessive, almost bullying. She decided that his engagement had gone to his head.

One of his remarks embarrassed her extremely. Marko asked her pointblank whether, if she became queen and their life together should turn out to be as happy as they had every right to expect, he might look forward to being some day elevated to the throne beside her. He did not, of course, expect her to make any promise, but wouldn't it, he ventured, be a natural thing for her to do if everything went well? He was quite ready, for the sake of being her husband, to remain prince consort all his life, yet such a gracious act on her part would be a gratifying evidence of the depth of her affection and of the confidence which she reposed in his judgment and capacity. Stephanie did not know what to reply to this unexpected question which he seemed to regard as perfectly natural. She was, she remarked hesitatingly, wholly ignorant of such matters. The King's plan, as she understood it, contemplated herself as the sole sovereign, but she would talk it over with her grandfather and let him know. Marko instantly begged her not to do so. He was, he assured her with a tenderly convincing smile, quite content to let the future take care of itself.

ALTHOUGH she now looked forward to that future without her former enthusiasm, and indeed often with a sinking of her heart, Stephanie felt that this was her only course also. She now regretted her promise to marry Marko but, having put her hand to the plow, it was too late to turn back. She must be loyal to her grandfather at all costs to herself. It was a small price, after all, to pay for the salvation of Illyria; at least she hoped that it was. She often wondered how she would like spending her life there, and how her children, if she had any, would be brought up. Where would they be educated? What sort of people would they marry?

Then an incident occurred which filled her with new apprehension. Invitations to an elaborate evening entertainment had been sent out by the American Legation. It had been a day of great heat, and after dinner the company dispersed about the garden which overlooked the city. Marko had disappeared, and Stephanie, whose escort, General Kosovo, had been called to the telephone, found herself for the moment alone in

a remote part of the legation grounds.

A great moon, over three-quarters full, rode in the sky above her; just such a moon as had hung over the Adriatic that last night on the Proconsul two months ago. Involuntarily she found herself thinking of Brent and longing to see him again. He was such a dear! She had really had a wonderful time on the Proconsul. How changed her life since then! Helen Stevens—Stephanie Stephanovitch! None of it could have happened if she had accepted Brent.

THE general evidently had been called away for good. To her surprise she found on looking at her wrist watch that it was nearly eleven. She must go back to the legation since, because of royal precedence, none of the other guests could leave before her. Following the hedge, which concealed the immediate foreground beyond the terrace, she became aware of subdued voices just outside and below her.

"Don't be distressed, darling!" she heard Marko saying in tones of passionate solicitude. "Everything will come out all right, Ljubovnica!"

"But what am I to believe? What have I to rely on?" sobbed Josephine.

"Listen, sweetheart! I can't help myself. I've got to go through the motions. But it won't make any difference between you and me, darling. Anyhow, it isn't final—anything may happen!"

"Ljubovnica"—"Sweetheart!" That was what Marko always called her! It could only mean that Marko had been carrying on a secret intrigue with Josephine. Would it always be that way? If only someone could rescue her from the coil tightening about her!

The daily automobile excursions about the country had been continued until she had gone almost everywhere except to the remoter mountain districts. Stephan wished his friend Zadvovic, the aged archimandrite of Nicopolis, to participate in the cathedral ceremony and decided to pay him the compliment of a personal invitation. The monastery was distant some twenty kilometers from the capital and, as usual, he asked Stephanie to accompany him.

For his visit to the archimandrite the King had caused himself to be arrayed in full panoply as a Tsernagoran general, including his great curved sword with its heavy silver guard, which, with its belt, weighed twelve or fourteen pounds. It was very hot in

side the motor, and on the way back from the monastery Stephan unbuttoned his thick tunic and, unclasping his sword belt, laid it together with the weapon upon the floor of the car. As they drove toward the palace across the piazza Stephanie noticed that it seemed singularly empty. No one was visible except the guard pacing up and down in front of the palace. Stephan, who for the first time in several days showed signs of exhaustion, climbed out, leaving his sword behind him in the car, and, having walked a short distance, turned, with his back toward the cathedral, to look at a new gutter which was being put upon the palace roof.

At that instant the silence was broken by warning shouts and a gray streak shot across the piazza. A dog, his bloodshot eyes and foam-covered snout plainly visible, was making straight for the King, whose position blocked the sentry's line of fire.

The sight of the approaching animal turned her to stone. She could neither move nor cry out. Then, as it came nearer, her pulse resumed its beat and her courage returned. She dashed to the car, threw open the door, seized the sword, and rushed to meet the dog. It swerved and snapped at her wickedly. Swinging the scabbard with all her strength she struck the beast, as he sprang, full on the side of the head. The sky became black and her knees gave way. Dimly she heard two shots. When she opened her eyes there was a crowd about her and the dog was lying in a vermilion puddle with gaping jaws oozing froth and blood.

SHE lost consciousness again, then felt herself caught up and held by a pair of arms, in a world that rocked and swung. Stephan, crushing her to his bosom, was staring down into her face. His cheeks streamed with tears.

"Oh, my Stephanie! Are you hurt!—are you quite safe? My darling! My little Dushan's child! Now is good returned for evil for thou hast saved thy grandfather!—Behold she has saved the life of thy King!"

The crowd, which had been stupefied by horror, repeated his words in a great shout:

"She saved the King's life. Long live Stephan! Long live the King! Long live Stephanie, the daughter of Dushan! Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

(To be continued next week)



"Oh, honey! Guess where I found those ties that were stolen last Christmas"

Gilbert Bundy

The Cat's Away

Continued from page 22

She dreaded the Hoods' return. But she forced herself to iron the blouse slowly and carefully.

She went upstairs and put away the bathrobe in the closet of the principal bedroom. She was almost dressed when she heard a car in the lane. The painful moment had come.

She stood, poised and listening, in the upstairs hall. It wasn't the Hoods. It was a real estate agent showing the house to two women. Mary could hear every word they said. She heard one of the women say that she remembered the house perfectly. She had often visited it when the Hoods owned it—before they moved to Chicago.

MARY BROWN tiptoed desperately back into the bedroom. The closet was the best place to hide. She got into the closet and pulled the door shut.

She could hear the party tramping methodically through the house. They came, after an hour, to the room where Mary hid. They talked. They settled themselves to talk within two yards of her and they talked as only two women, looking at a house, and a real estate agent can talk.

Finally one of the women announced that she wished her husband to see the house. Could they come back in the evening with her husband? The real estate agent assured her they could come back at any hour. The woman said she would telephone.

When they had gone Mary staggered out of the closet and gasped for air. She wanted to throw herself down on the bed and cry. She would have to leave at once. Ernestine wasn't coming back. Ernestine had sold the house and moved out to Chicago. Some stranger owned the house now.

Mary went downstairs.

She made herself a cheese sandwich and put on her hat and collected her gloves and her purse and sat by the window looking down the lane toward the main road.

When it was quite dark she shut the front door carefully behind her and walked quickly down the lane. She had almost reached the end of the lane when she saw the lights of a car coming up the hill. The lights were swinging into the lane.

Mary ran for the stone fence. She got over the stone fence and crouched low while the car went past her to the house. Then she ran.

She ran and walked and ran again all the way to Westport. It was, she remembered, Saturday night. The village was crowded with cars. The village looked unusually bright and cheerful and busy. Mary asked the traffic policeman in the Post Road where the public library was. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Right behind you," he said.

Mary Brown went into the public library and tried to read, tried not to think what she would do next. She still had eleven cents and she wasn't in the least hungry. She could put off going to the police station for hours and hours. And something might happen. There was always the possibility that something might happen. Things did happen.

The library closed at ten o'clock. Mary Brown walked up the street. She had to walk fast to keep warm. She walked a mile up the street and a mile back to the library corner. She paused on the corner. But it was too cold to stand still. She took a turn out Main Street and came back to the library corner. She knew, now, that

nothing would happen. No one would come along and rescue her.

She stepped down off the curb. She was going to the police station and tell them she had just eleven cents. But as she stepped down a car came round the corner and stopped and a young man jumped out.

"Get in, Susie," he said. "Get in and sit there with your arm resting on the window sill."

Mary got into the car.

"Hold your hand over the window sill—on the outside of the car," he ordered. He leaned into the car. "Don't move," he said, "don't move, whatever happens, until you get the package."

He turned and disappeared in the dark. Mary sat there, trying to remember where she had seen him before. Why had he called her Susie?

She looked up and saw a car coming straight toward her from the direction of the bank. It pulled up with a squeal of rubber, turned, and a man beside the driver reached out and put a package in her hand.

Mary sat there trembling until the tail-light of the car disappeared in the distance. The package was tied with a string. Mary pulled the string and opened the package and felt suddenly hollow in the pit of her stomach.

The package contained a great sheaf of bills. They were all thousand-dollar bills. Mary counted them. There were a hundred of them.

Mary looked wildly up and down the Post Road. The next man would be a policeman and going to the police station with a hundred thousand dollars that didn't belong to you and that you couldn't account for was even worse than going to the police station with eleven cents that was all yours.

She began to wrap up the bills hurriedly to get them out of sight. And then she saw a typewritten slip. It began:

"Drive one and one-tenth miles up the Post Road. Take your first left. Drive three miles. Take the right fork." It went on that way endlessly.

MARY dropped the package behind her on the floor of the car. Her mind was made up. She was going to see it through.

She hadn't driven a car since she had left Ottumwa. But she could drive a car. She found the ignition switch and turned the key and felt for the starter button with her foot. The motor caught promptly. Mary drove a mile and a tenth up the Post Road and took her first left and consulted the slip. She continued to consult the slip as she went on.

After an hour of taking first lefts and second rights she approached a lighted house. She drove slowly and cautiously. A man stepped out of the shrubbery beside the road and held up his hand. Mary stopped. He jumped on the running board.

It was the young man she'd seen in the train on her way to Westport—the young man who'd stopped his car at the library corner and ordered her to get in.

"You got the package," he said.

"Y-y-yes," Mary said.

"Take your first right into that driveway ahead," he said.

"To that house?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "And what's your last name?"

"My name is Brown," she said.

"Mary Brown."

"I mean your real name," he said

(Continued on page 41)

THE LAW

Of Good Living says, "Don't Overindulge, Eat too Much..Smoke too Much..Drink unwisely"

SCIENCE SAYS, "If You Do Overindulge, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is Probably the Quickest and Most Effective Way to Avoid Feeling its After-effects."

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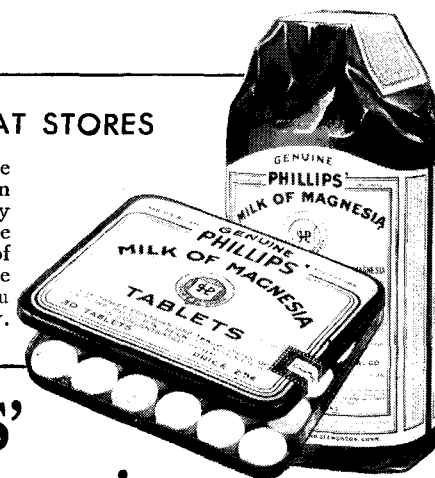
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(Continued from page 43)

quietly. "It wouldn't do to give a false name. It wouldn't do at all."

"Mary Brown is my real name," she said gravely.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I didn't have any real reason to think it wasn't. And you live in New York?"

"Y-y-yes," she said. She had lived in East Thirty-second Street until these last two days.

"You might as well stop right here," he said. "Run the car into that open space. Everything's frozen hard. It won't hurt the lawn."

MARY stopped the car. The young man leaned in and blew three long blasts on the horn. Then he jumped down off the running board and opened the door and held out his hand to Mary.

"Where's the package?" he asked.

Mary retrieved the package. He took her arm. They walked down the drive arm in arm.

As they rounded a group of evergreens they came face to face with a big house that was lit from cellar to garret, and scores of parked cars.

Mary stopped short. "What does it mean?" she asked.

"Good lord," he said, "don't you know? Haven't you heard about the Fairfield County Treasure Hunt for the Benefit of the Unemployed? You've won it."

"B-b-but," Mary stammered. For a moment she couldn't speak. It was too much to grasp all at once. A dance band within the house began a fox-trot. He wasn't a bank robber. The thousand-dollar bills in her hand weren't real. It was stage money. It was part of a game. She wasn't going to jail. She was going to a party.

"But I didn't win it," she said. "I wasn't even in it. I was standing on the street corner—"

"And I did the rest."

"That isn't fair," she said.

"Please, Mary Brown," he said. "Please take my word for it that it doesn't matter. Nobody knows but you and me and after all you were in the right place at the right time—exactly as if you'd solved every clue."

"But—"

"Please, Mary," he said. He held her arm tightly and looked down into her face. "You know why I had to do it." She knew, and knowing frightened her. He'd find out all about her. He'd find out she wasn't the sort of girl she looked to be.

"Tell them I cheated if you'll feel better about it," he said. "Then they'll know why I did it. Then they'll kid the life out of us both."

"But I never saw you—" Mary began. She couldn't finish that sentence. She had seen him before and he knew it. "I mean," she said, "I don't even know your name."

"It's Jones," he said. "That's one reason I thought you were kidding me when you said your name was Brown. But it is Jones just the same and, what's worse, it's Henry Jones. They mostly call me Hank and if you'll only call me Hank nobody'll suspect we haven't known each other for years."

There wasn't any more time to argue.

"All right, Hank," Mary said.

He squeezed her arm. "You're perfect," he said. "You're absolutely perfect."

Mary Brown met so many people in the next ten minutes that none of them could expect her to remember their names, and the flood of questions was so great she answered them all by saying simply:

"I was on the library corner when the clock struck midnight."

And she forgot to be afraid and enjoyed being the center of so much attention. Before it got too thick Hank Jones took her by the arm and led her firmly

to the dance floor and danced with her and refused to acknowledge anybody cutting in.

"You see how it is," he said. "I wouldn't be dancing with you now—if I hadn't stopped you on the corner and made you get into the car."

She looked up at him and smiled before she thought, because that was the way she felt.

He danced as many dances with her as he could and when he had to give her up to somebody else he stood on the edge of the dance floor watching her. He took her to supper and found a corner where they could talk. He talked about Zuleika Dobson, but she knew he was really talking about her.

She let herself enjoy it. She let herself go in the first flirtation she had ever had with a man she really liked. But the party began to break up. Her fright returned. She thought of rushing up to her hostess and asking if she might spend the night. She could make some excuse.

But Hank Jones assumed that he was taking her home. And of course the real estate agent and the two women wouldn't be there at four o'clock in the morning. She could let Hank Jones take her back to the Hood place and he would never know she had no right to stay there—or that she no longer possessed any other clothes than the ones she stood in; and that she had only eleven cents; and no friends who were any better off than she was. He would never know she was a homeless waif on her way to ask help of the police. She could slip out early in the morning and he would never know.

He drove to the Hood house in silence. He stopped in the lane.

"Mary," he said. He was going to say things. He was going to put his arm around her. He was going to kiss her. And she knew she was lost if he did. If he kissed her she'd kiss him back. She couldn't help herself.

"Please," she said. She had to stop him. It would be so much worse to have to run away and never see him again after he'd kissed her. She couldn't bear it afterward. But she could bear it now. She could bear it if he never found out that she was a little country girl from Iowa who didn't know beans, who'd never met the sort of people he and his friends were.

"Please," she said. "I've got to go right in. It's frightfully late. You know it's frightfully late."

HE GOT out of the car and helped her down.

"Till tomorrow then," he said.

"I—I'm planning to t-take an early train to New York tomorrow," she stammered. "It's very important," she finished firmly.

"Mary," he said—he was still holding her hand in his—"Mary—nothing in the world is so important as seeing you tomorrow. I'm going to see you tomorrow if I have to sit out here in the car until you wake up in the morning."

"All right," she said weakly.

"That's an absolute promise," he said. "I'll be here at ten o'clock and you'll not have run away."

"No," she said.

When he was gone she tried the front door. It was locked from the inside. She had to roll the ash can back in place and stand on it and swing herself desperately up on the roof over the kitchen door and crawl through the window.

She had the odd feeling that somebody had been in the kitchen. The table and a chair had been moved. She looked in the ice-box. There was a large, thick porterhouse steak in the ice-box and an alligator pear. They hadn't been there before. Somebody had put them there since she had left at dark. That woman

must have taken the house and begun to lay in food already.

Mary lay awake trying to think how she would tell him who she was and what, and she couldn't think of any way that wouldn't be pathetic. She couldn't bear to seem pathetic to him. Seeming pathetic would be throwing herself on his neck.

She awoke with a start and saw that it was broad daylight and ran downstairs. It was a quarter to ten. She had just time to dress. She saw him coming up the lane. She opened the front door.

For a moment they looked at each other and then she was in his arms.

"You darling," he said. "You perfect darling."

He kissed her and she kissed him back.

But she remembered. She remembered what she had to do. She pushed him away.

"No," she said.

"I love you," he said. "You know I love you."

SHE retreated into the living-room. He followed her. He walked over to the fireplace and struck a match and lit the fire that had been laid there.

"Oh," she cried, "you mustn't do that."

She bent down and tried to pull the fire apart and stop it. But it had been too well laid.

"What on earth!" he said.

"Now you have done it," she said. "Now you've crashed everything."

"But, Mary—" he began.

"You have," she said. "You don't understand. I've no business in this house. I've no right here at all. I broke in. I climbed up on the kitchen porch and crawled through the window."

He was smiling. He was smiling happily.

"Yes," he said, "I know. It's my house. At least I own an equity in it. I went to dinner at my sister's—across the way—that first night. And after dinner I came over here and the place was all lighted up and I looked through the window and saw you asleep on the sofa."

"I came back the next morning when I thought you'd be awake. And you'd hidden. I saw your blouse in the kitchen and I knew you were here. And I didn't know quite what to do—you were so severe when I sat beside you in the train I didn't dare speak to you."

"So I decided I'd go and get a steak and things and we'd have a talk. When I got back you were gone. I was sure I could catch you in the car. But I missed you. I only found you hours and hours later—on the library corner."

"You see," she said, "I've got exactly eleven cents and no job—or—or anything."

"I've got fourteen cents," he said. "I've got exactly fourteen cents. But I do own this house. And I've got a job of sorts. It pays about enough to buy three meals a day. But I'm asking you to marry me just the same."

"Oh," she said, "I—I"—she remembered she was a country girl who didn't belong—"I couldn't."

He took her in his arms. He held her close. He tipped up her chin and looked down into her eyes.

"Why couldn't you, Mary?" he asked gently.

And she knew her reason wasn't real. It wasn't even true. She had been a little country girl who didn't belong. But she wasn't any more. Thanks to her year in New York she was a typical New Yorker.

"Why—why," she said, "it is true that two can live cheaper than one."

"And be happy," he said. "Ever after."

"Yes," she said. "And be happy. Ever after."

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 15

mention Sam's name to the policeman that found him and Miss Carpenter was because the young lady was so frightened, so hysterical, that he didn't want her to think that anything more would happen. At least, that's my idea of it all, and if you boys can think of a better yarn, why spring it."

"You've handled a few private feuds of your own, haven't you, Deakin?" grinned Dean.

"Call me Dave, Dean," said the other. "Yes, indeedy, my little man, but I never mention killing, and I'm so glad you didn't."

"So am I," said Dean. "But I still wish you boys—"

"Bless his heart," cried Deakin. "Just young and greedy and wants all the fun to himself. Well, do we start?"

KINGSTON, Curtis and Dean piled into one car, and Deakin, pursuant to the plan outlined, got into another. As they drove off Carter spoke to Dean:

"What's the scheme, Dean? After all, Clayborne's three thugs won't be staying at the Templars'. We hadn't thought of that."

"I haven't thought of anything, Carter," said Dean. "I only know that if I get my hands on Clayborne—"

"Okay," agreed Kingston, "but while we'll have our story, the Templars will have one, too, you know. We can't very well break into their house and half kill—or completely kill," and his voice was grave, "one of their guests and expect them to remain silent when the police question them."

"Let me go by myself, Carter," said Dean.

"Don't get me wrong," protested the other. "I'm with you. Only—I'd hate to have anyone fry for a swine like Clayborne. And it looks to me, Dean, as though we're headed for something that ought to be planned carefully."

"Damn plans," cried Dean. "Would you wait for plans if he'd struck you down, if he'd torn the clothes off a girl you liked, if he'd tried to have you arrested—and the girl—for vulgar and drunken petting on a lonely road? You know that nothing in the world would stop you from going after him—just as I'm going after him."

"Fair enough, Dean," said Kingston. He lapsed into silence, and as for Wallie Curtis, his sole conversation consisted of muttered curses.

The Templar house—although it was barely two o'clock, an early enough hour for Saturday night—was dark when they arrived there. But Dean mounted the veranda steps and rang the bell. There was a five-minute wait and then the light switched on in the hall, and a man's face was pressed against the glass of the door.

"Who's there?" he called.

"Mr. Resolve," said Dean.

"Mr. and Mrs. Templar have gone to bed," temporized the butler.

"I want Mr. Clayborne," said Dean. Convinced now that Dean was whom he claimed to be, and that he was not intoxicated, the servant opened the door.

"Mr. Clayborne has left, sir," he said.

"Left? Are you sure?"

"Oh, absolutely, sir," said the man. "I packed his bag myself, and he left nearly an hour ago. Went back to New York, sir."

"Hello, what is it, what's wrong?" Tom Templar's heavy voice boomed down the stairway.

"Some gentleman asking for Mr. Clayborne," said the butler.

"That's a filthy lie. No gentleman would ask for that swine," cried Templar. "Who is it?"

"Dean Resolve and Kingston and a couple of others," called Dean.

"Oh," Templar's voice was blank. "Well, what the deuce do you want with Clayborne? Good Lord, I have had to be polite to the rotter because of business, but you fellows don't have to."

"We weren't going to be polite," said Deakin.

"In that case," boomed Templar, "come in. My house is yours. Gentlemen, we will drink to the fact that I closed my business with Clayborne tonight, that I have never to look upon his loathsome face again, and—well, we'll just drink."

"As swell a reason as any," said Deakin.

Past the disapproving butler they trooped, and down the stairs came the slipped and pajamaed Templar.

On Tuesday morning, while Dean still lingered over a night letter from Reno, a message that informed him—with words of endearment that, coming from Rita, so reluctant to pen sentiment, thrilled him almost beyond endurance—that she was about to take the train for Chicago, Petersen, bringing fresh coffee, told him that a man wished to see him.

"What about?" asked Dean. He knew his Petersen well enough to realize that if the caller were a friend of Dean's, or one whose appearance and manner would entitle him, in Petersen's snobbish appraisal, to friendship with his employer, the servant would have said that a gentleman, not a "man," was calling.

"I don't know, sir," replied Petersen. "I told him, sir, that you had your own bootlegger, but he said to tell you that one of Tony's boys wanted to see you."

"Tony's boys?" For a moment Dean didn't comprehend. Then he laughed. "Good guess, Petersen. Send him up."

FOR a moment, remembering his boyhood days, he smiled. Then he frowned, as the subject uppermost in his mind refused to be crowded out for more than a second.

Where was Clayborne? After the hour of wassail with Tom Templar, he and his companions had returned to the Kingston home. Next morning, despite Jinny's plea that he forget the matter, that he expose himself to no more danger, he motored into New York. This time, a little calmer, and realizing that it was utterly unfair to let other people become involved in his own private quarrel, he went alone.

He had gone to Clayborne's house and when the butler opened the door he had pushed past the man, refused to accept his assurance that Clayborne was not in the house, and searched the building from cellar to top floor. To the servants' threats to summon the police he had returned the reply that he would like nothing better than the assistance of the police in finding Clayborne, and the law had not been invoked.

On Monday he had tried Clayborne's office, to be informed that Mr. Clayborne was out of town and was not expected back for some weeks. He had dropped into the two clubs to which Clayborne had managed to acquire entrée, but he was not there. So, reluctantly, he gave up the search. But when he encountered Clayborne, as encounter him he must, sooner or later...

He had called on Jinny on Monday

(Continued on page 46)

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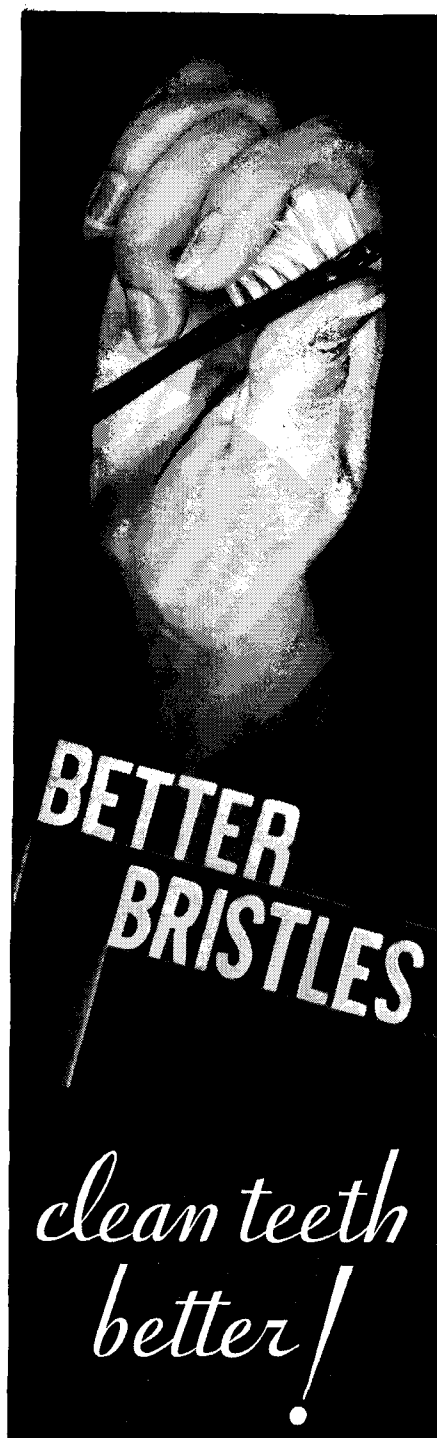
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(Continued from page 45)

evening and while she kept him waiting, as women must inevitably keep men waiting, her mother entered the drawing-room.

"I hear you and Jinny went in for adventure in a big way Saturday night, Dean," said Mrs. Carpenter.

"I hope Jinny's all right," he said.

Her mother laughed.

"Holdups and assaults and fears of worse are what the girls thrive on these days. Nevertheless, my young friend, I'll be glad when you and Rita are married."

"Eh? Oh, thanks," said Dean.

MRS. CARPENTER eyed him coolly. "Thanks for nothing. These aren't good wishes for you, Dean. I—Jinny likes you. Why shouldn't she? I like you. If Rita changes her mind, telephone me. But a young gentleman with as vicious an enemy as Sam Clayborne running around loose isn't exactly the companion I'd pick for Jinny."

Dean flushed.

"Oh, Mrs. Carpenter—"

"I'm not blaming you, Dean," she said. "But—the Clayborne person, Jinny tells me, has shown what he would term a liking for my daughter, and she has snubbed him frequently. The fact that you are not merely going to marry his wife, but are friendly with my daughter—well, the latter may add to his dislike of you. And—it made Saturday night dangerous for her, didn't it?"

"I'm sorry," said Dean.

"Not your fault, Dean," she assured him. "But—it just happens to turn out that way, doesn't it? So—I'm glad you and Rita are to be married. And not for that alone, my boy. She's lovely. And you'll do. But I'd rather, just now, Jinny didn't go out with you—not until Clayborne—you've not seen him since?"

"I've tried hard enough to," Dean said grimly. "But no luck as yet."

Jinny entered the room. She showed no ill effects of her experience of two nights ago.

"Has Mother told you how stupid she's being? Doesn't want us to go out together. Afraid of Clayborne. Do you mind? We'll dine here and I'll play the piano and do cross-word puzzles and show you my hope-chest and my memory book—"

"And a lot of the new generation would do well to have those things and spend evenings showing them to their gempmum frens," laughed her mother. "Well, behave. I'm going out with a new beau."

"I'm always in deadly fear she'll marry," said Jinny, "and probably some man that I want myself. So Rita has her divorce?"

"She gets here on Thursday," said Dean.

IT WAS, he decided, one of the duller evenings he'd ever spent with Jinny. But that was because she was still upset—as well she might be—over Saturday's misadventure. And she sent him home early, pleading a headache, but promising to be on call on Thursday to accompany himself and Rita to the minister.

And then his reverie was interrupted, as Petersen, disapproval on his severe countenance, ushered "Tony's boy" into the room.

"Gee, I knew you'd see me, Mr. Resolve," said the visitor.

"Where do you get that 'Mister' stuff, Giuseppe?" demanded Dean.

"Well, well, if you ain't the same lad!" grinned Giuseppe. "I'da bet you couldn't tell me from my brother Enrico, and neither of us from any other wop."

"I'm not sure that I could, if I hadn't

had warning," admitted Dean. "Gosh, but you're expensive, aren't you?"

Giuseppe Martello grinned with pride. "Two hundred bucks for the suit, forty for the shoes, twenty-eight for the shirt, and if I'd got the pin from a jeweler it woulda set me back four grand. Like it?"

"Well, if I didn't know better, I'd swear that Tony's little boy had come to a bad end," laughed Dean.

"And if my old man wasn't half blind now, and dumber than he used to be, he'd say the same thing and blame it on you. Remember when we'd sneak over to the East River for a swim? My old man would say, 'No good you playa roun' weeth that R-r-resolve boy. Eesa reech boy and da cops dey no peench him; but you, Giuseppe, and you, Enrico, you poor boys and the cops peench.' He used to say you were a tough bebbly."

"And I led you astray, eh?" grinned Dean. "Have some coffee?"

Martello shook his head.

"Naw, thanks. I had mine four hours ago. I can't lie around until nine o'clock the way you do. I'm a business man."

"Depression bothering?" smiled Dean.

"More than you'd think. You can't stick a label on home-made hooch and make the suckers give up the price of real Scotch. But I ain't doing so bad. Not so bad. How's it with you?"

"All right," said Dean.

"Not so good night before last, though, eh?" suggested Giuseppe.

Dean poured himself another cup of coffee. He poured in cream, dropped a lump of sugar into the cup, and then looked up at his caller.

"And what do you know about Saturday night, Giuseppe?" he asked.

"Enough so that if you want any-

one taken for a ride, just mention his name," he said.

Slowly Dean shook his head.

"I ride my own," he said quietly. "Come clean, Giuseppe."

"What else am I here for?" demanded Martello. "Listen, Long Island City, and the whole North Shore, all the way to Sag Harbor—that territory belongs to me, see? There ain't a pin drops but I gotta be paid for letting anyone pick it up, get me?"

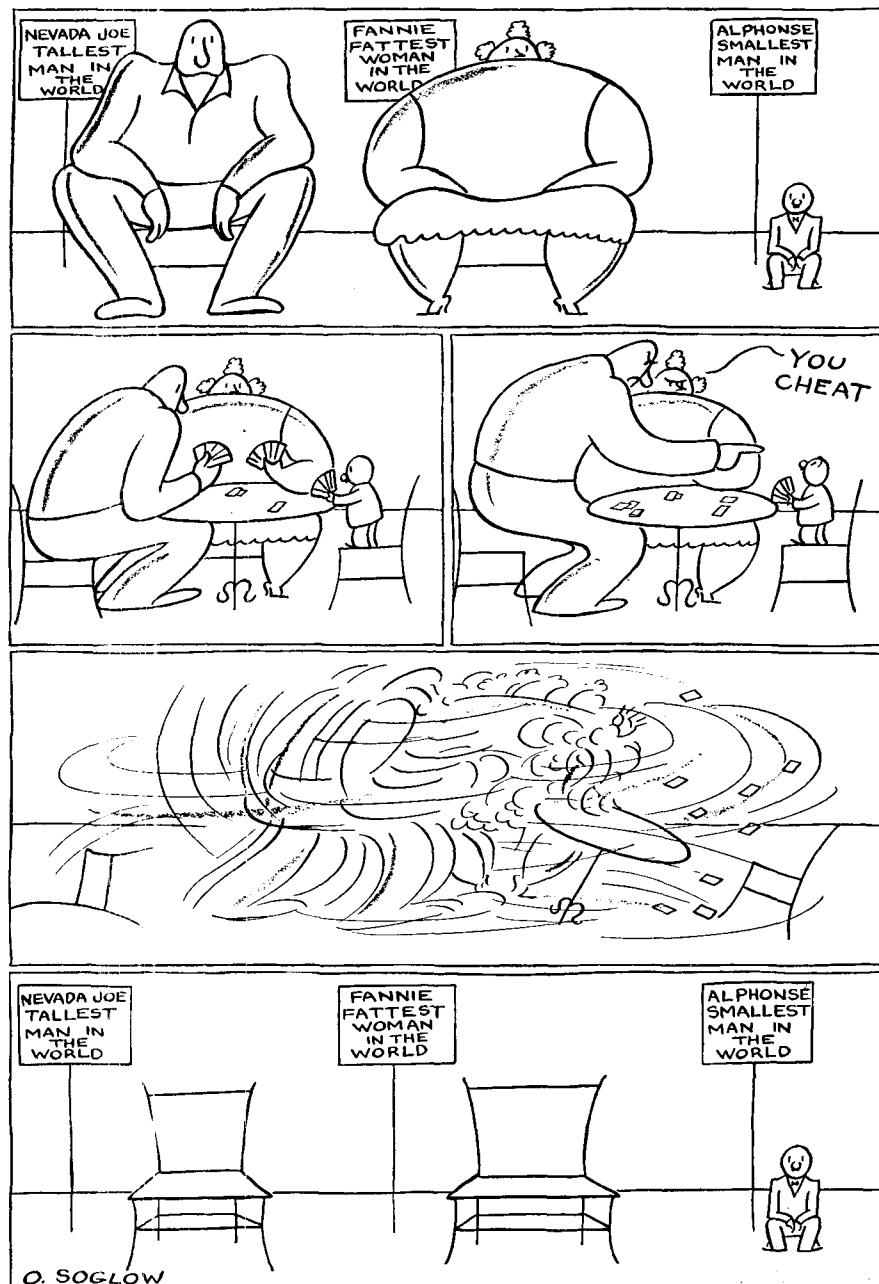
"Well, last night, in a speak across the bridge, a couple of the boys were telling of a job they pulled Saturday night. Easiest grand they ever earned, they were bragging. And they told about holding up a man and a girl and planting things so they'd be in the papers plenty, and they was wondering why the papers didn't rap to it. Well, I don't care what the boys do in their spare time but, interested-like, I asked the names. And when they mentioned yours I went nuts. And I told them saps that next time they got any jobs that didn't come from me, to let me know, or I'd bump 'em off."

HE DREW the sheerest of lawn handkerchiefs across his forehead.

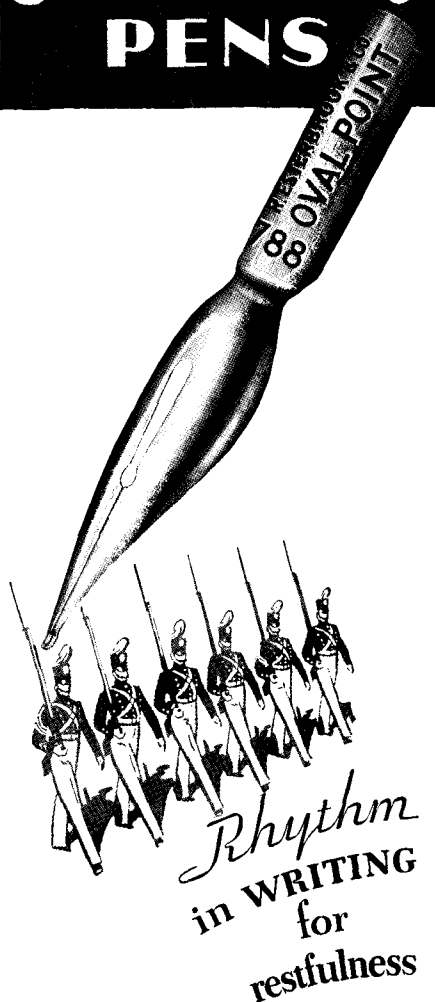
"That gal with you, Mr. Resolve—anything might have happened to her. Why, they'd have taken this guy Clayborne's money, croaked him, and then—lady a friend of yours?"

"Naturally," said Dean.

"Well, I'm glad nothing worse happened. And I come in here to tell you that if you want this guy Clayborne moved on a bit—and you'd better. I've been asking about him. This was a job pulled by some of my boys, but they were put on the job by Swede Larkin.



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Heard of him? He's a big shot in Times Square. A *big* shot. And if Clayborne wants something tried again—well, the thing to do is put him where he won't be wanting anything."

"Much obliged, Giuseppe," said Dean. "But—"

"Obliged nothing," protested Martello. "You're an old pal of mine. Sure you don't want something done? There'd be never a peep."

Dean shook his head.

"Well, oke with me if it's oke with you," said the racketeer. "Only, I'll keep my eyes open and if I see anything—or if I hear anything—I'll be seeing you."

"And nothing could be fairer than that. Thanks again, Giuseppe."

"GOT some Chianti, like you never tasted since before the war," said Martello. "My old man—why, he ain't never known there *was* a prohibition. He drinks sweller Chianti now than he ever did. I'll send you over a couple dozen bottles. No charge." He waved a magnificent hand. "For old times' sake."

"And what am I to do in return for all you're doing for me, Giuseppe?" laughed Dean.

"Why," said the bootlegger, "you might tell me something. Does a gent, when he's all dolled up—I mean the white tie and all—does he wear a flower if he lets his handkerchief show at his breast pocket?"

Dean considered the question with that gravity which he knew Giuseppe would appreciate.

"Yes, he does—if he wishes," he finally answered.

"That picks two grand right out of Hi-Jack Riley's pocket," Martello exulted. "I bet him, and I said I'd leave it to a real swell. Well, you've paid for that Chianti, Mr. Resolve."

He left while Dean's laughter still rang, but as the door downstairs clanged upon him, the mirth faded from Dean's eyes. What a fool Clayborne was! Oh, he was vicious, but Dean hadn't known him for a fool. And only a fool would deliver himself into the blackmailing hands of racketeers. But fools, when vicious, were apt to be more dangerous than wisely vicious people, if the wise *can* be vicious, he philosophically wondered.

But he would be equally a fool if he didn't watch his step carefully for some time to come. And it would be as well if Jinny minded her step, also. Still, it was hard to believe that, merely because she had snubbed him, Clayborne would think of violence toward Jinny. On Saturday night, yes. But that was because Jinny fitted into the man's mad plan to involve Dean in scandal. Still, until Thursday, when Dean and Rita were married, and Rita's ex-husband would realize that entangling Dean's name with that of another woman was too futile a thing to be thought of, it would be as well for Jinny to take care. He telephoned her to that effect, explaining the reason for his warning—Giuseppe's visit—and was gratified that she didn't scoff at him.

"As a matter of fact, Dean," she said, "Mother insisted on the doctor this morning, and to quiet her I consented. I guess I *have* been nervous. And he says that I must stay in bed today and all day tomorrow. So I'll be safe. And on Thursday I'll be dressed in my prettiest, and so will Wallie, and when you phone, we'll sally forth to lend fashion and charm to your marriage."

"Bless you," he said. "I'll phone."

He spent the rest of that day over affairs with his father. Old Sturgis Resolve was firm in the matter of withdrawing from active participation in

the affairs of Resolve and Company.

"Hang it, Son," he finally said, "I'm tired. I'm old. That's why I got in this last jam. Tired brains aren't bright. Yardley—" he mentioned their chief clerk—"knows as much about matters as I do. Why not give him a small interest in the firm—five per cent in addition to his salary would be plenty—and make him general manager? Let me draw my percentage and—rest."

"Okay, Dad, if that's the way you feel," said Dean.

On Wednesday, too, he busied himself with office affairs. He lunched with Jack Colby, told him of his marriage planned for the morrow, and said that he knew Rita would want to go away for a few weeks.

"It's late for Florida," he said, "and I think that's where we'll go. Hardly a soul left there, and we won't see anyone. We'll stop at some little hotel, and do a lot of fishing and golfing. I'll wire you my address, but don't write or phone or telegraph unless it's life and death."

"Want to be alone with your girl, eh?" smiled Colby.

"I want to be alone with my girl," said Dean.

He returned to his office to find that long-distance was calling him, and in a moment he was speaking to his Gracious Lady.

"I missed the Century," she said.

"Oh," he groaned.

"Don't be silly," she chided. "I'll be on the train in an hour. I simply *had* to do some shopping, and I knew I'd not have time tomorrow."

"I should say not," he cried. "You're stepping from the train into a taxi, going straight to City Hall, then uptown to Dr. Lewis', where Jinny and Wallie Curtis will meet us, and then—like Florida?"

"I'd love it."

"Nobody down there," he said.

"Don't want anybody—but you," she assured him.

"Darling," he said.

"Darling," she echoed.

"You get in—when?"

"Three-thirty," she told him.

"I'll be there," he said.

She murmured an endearment and hung up. In a glow he sent for Yardley and turned over to him various papers and the keys of the inner drawers of the safe. He had already equipped himself with plenty of cash, and he had a store of bankers' checks left over from his trip to Europe, to cover any emergency that might arise.

HIS mother and father dined with him. They toasted him, drank to the health of Rita, and his mother's kiss was unwontedly tender as she bade him good night. His father, rendered slightly loquacious and more than ordinarily sentimental by tomorrow's event, lingered with him until midnight. Then, with a final blessing, he left Dean to his thoughts.

And they were delightful thoughts. Rita, his Gracious Lady, was on the eastward-bound train, speeding to his arms. Her chains had been stricken from her, and she was free—free to become his wife.

His wife. At last he had found a lovelier name for her than the Gracious Lady. The name of Wife.

"I wonder," he muttered irrelevantly, as he finally fell asleep, "what Giuseppe Martello would think of the tough bebbly if he could know my thoughts."

Which went to show that if there was nothing in telepathy, there was certainly something in coincidence. For at the very moment Martello was speaking his name.

(To be continued next week)



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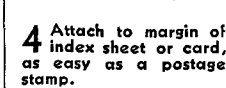
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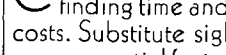
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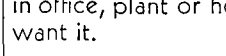
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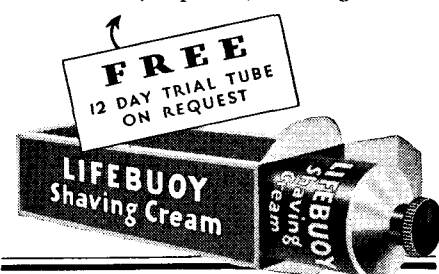
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Dress Rehearsal

Continued from page 17

or loosely woven silk or wool suit, a life-saver for trippers since it packs so well. It must be a good suit to begin with, if it isn't to end in looking like somebody else's put on by mistake. Given the requisite quality, it can go anywhere—shipboard, shopping, tea at the country club, lunch on Park Avenue, dinner on Long Island. Indeed, as one older woman said, "Give me three knitted silk suits, one in white or pastel, and I could go round the world and snoot the embassies."

Yet no on-shore life can be just one suit after another. There are also dresses, though so many of them, both for town and country, have matching or contrasting jackets that they seem a sub-species of suit. Printed jackets or coats over plain dresses are a new note.

Skirts, Blouses and Sleeves

Lines are simple, as always, this year. The fitted diaphragm effect is distinctly 1932, and coat dresses are good. Pleated tiers and skirts with side pleatings or wide box pleats are seen. As with blouses, so with dresses—very few have set-in sleeves, but rather those that give a broad look at the shoulder, often by means of cap or cape effect, in order to minimize the waist. Sleeves may be short, medium or long; the new ones bloused on elastic are adjustable in length. Sleeves often contrast with the dress, plain color contrasting with plain or print with plain. Necklines are higher and often revert to collars in linen or piqué. First place in materials goes to novelty-weave silks. Even the prints take on the same semi-tailored character. Some suggest tweeds put under the magnifying glass, some are tiny broken checks, some are made of dots in various sizes and still another school goes in for businesslike stripes. Florals take to neat, discreet designs. The color range for dresses is wide and obliging, including any interesting color you want to contrast with your coat, especially blues from navy and dark purplish blue to flax, reds from yellowish poppy red to wine (a new entry for sports), black and plenty of beiges.

Today we have two distinct types of afternoon dress. Version One—much the less important in style significance—shows the formal idea developed in beige lace, pale mauve-blue chiffon or some other equally exotic medium. Version Two, quite as smart for bridge and infinitely more versatile for all-round wear, is just like the dress we chose for the street, but made in a lighter color.

Skirt lengths have taken to a rule of suitability instead of a hard and fast one of inches. Sports clothes may be short—some of them are as much as fourteen inches from the ground. Street clothes are a wearable, becoming length—just covering the calf or a little longer. Evening dresses cover the instep or just escape the floor.

But perhaps somebody is saying impatiently, "You haven't touched my main problem yet. I want a coat—not a suit coat, long or short, but a regular full-length topcoat. What's the latest from Paris on that?"

If we compressed it into cable space, we could get it down as follows: "Coats slightly fitted but not flared. Lined or unlined. Some like dresses. Much shoulder interest. Practically universal button closing at side. Fur detachable, lei effects tying with ends of fabric. If furless, featuring scarf necklines, cravat or short cape. Belted or unbelted. Colors, black first, blue and beige follow-

ing close. Whipcord good. To replace polo coat, reefer of Harris tweed."

A word of advice might be added. If you're planning to get two coats, one for town and one for sport, there's no particular problem. But if a single coat must figure twice, choose one with the minimum of fitting, in a soft woolen material and a more or less neutral tone. If blue was your suit color, blue-gray is a good idea. If you began with black, you might go on with gray or beige. If beige itself was the starting point, the next play can be a darker beige or a tweedy brown-beige mixture.

Hats for all occasions display one quality in common—height at the back or side. In some, this feeling is so pronounced as to be almost Watteau. In others, it isn't much more than a gesture or even a tilt. Turbans, bérêts and brimmed types are all seen. Rough straws are frequent, but the smoother varieties are coming in on the "high fashion" level. The Breton sailor, sometimes with one side longer than the other, is well to the fore, with such abbreviated novelties as the "pill box" playing to the younger set. There is a great feeling for flowers, but they should be handled discreetly. Flowers for a gay accent are quite in the present mood. Black is standard for color and so is brown, but pirate green and navy blue are riding an incoming wave. Hats are apt to contrast with coats. A bright red hat makes a smart tie-up with a red dress under a black coat.

Things for Evening Wear

And now, taking down the sun and pinning up a few stars, we pass to the evening mode. The general silhouette hasn't altered, nor has the length—a certain soft molding through the waist and hip, though none of the sausage-casing effects—hems that just cover the instep, or, for extra grand occasions, just clear the floor. The Empire effect continues. Chiffon is back—plain chiffon with a slight lead on its printed sister, and lots of shirrings to give it a deceptively demure look. Satin is a favorite of the moment, especially in light blue. Lace is with us—sea green, shell pink, white, black. Jackets to match are still good, but no novelty. Contrast appears in many ways, some of them spectacularly new, such as a dress with black skirt and white blouse of heavy silk crêpe called flamisol topped by a severe jacket in the white flamisol. Scarfs, however, are quite as popular as jackets and even more becoming—not the rather old-ladyish straight length of the same material as the dress, but one cut diagonally or gored, just covering the shoulders like a little cape.

If a warmer wrap is needed, velvet or velveteen is the thing to buy—short or three quarters, furless, shaped at the waist or hanging like a little mandarin coat. Here again, we find the economy note, for contrast is favored, so that one wrap can go with several frocks. Slippers toe the same line—open sandal-fronted affairs in crêpe de Chine, satin, moire or simple brocade. The wise lady buys hers light enough so that, after dyeing, they can live again.

But she doesn't feel she has to hide such little facts like a deep, dark secret. The pose of being richer than we are is ancient history, and so is the pose that succeeded it—the poverty pose. What is the pose at present? No pose at all. Merely a frank acceptance and acknowledgment of things as they are, and a lively sense of excitement as we wonder what's coming next.

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Cows in any Language

Continued from page 9

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except that, although American, the sergeant was as good a Catholic as any of us. How this came about I do not know, unless, perhaps, his parents were Spanish. The Señor Medico, being wise, will know how these things happen without my telling him.

This trouble with carabaos, which would seem, in truth, to be quite enough for any one man, was not by any means the only trouble that Sergeant Riley had. Counting by years, I'm a very old man, Señor Medico, while not so old but that, were it not for the prying eyes and the sharp tongue of my wife, the young ladies of this village might still better beware of my approach. Although the affair of Sergeant Riley took place thirty years or so ago, I was even then regarded as an old man, and not a warrior. So it was that I could look on and see all that was happening and enjoy it without having any of it happen to me, which is just as interesting, and much safer.

The trouble did not have its beginnings here in Damatis. Long ago, when we drove the Igorots from this fertile land and into the mountains, we were warriors, and most excellent ones, if I may say so. But that was long ago, and we had changed into farmers, and most peaceful farmers at that. If we were permitted to harvest our crops, that was all that we asked and, except to the young hotheads, it mattered not to us whether a Spaniard or an American sat in the governor's seat at Manila, or whether we were independent.

When Sergeant Riley and his men were sent up here, there was nothing for them to do at first but to try to civilize the mountain people up toward Baguio. But they had not been here very long before Aguinaldo and his insurrectos began sweeping the islands like wildfire.

Although we of Damatis were friendly neutrals—that is to say, we were friendly to each side, and the more friendly to the side which seemed to be winning—there were insurrectos all around us. The sergeant and his army of ten fought a battle at Azco and were victorious over the young hotbloods of that district.

For our benefit and to show us the prowess of American arms, the sergeant staged a triumphant entry into town, with many prisoners for the calabozo, but the whole effect was somewhat spoiled when a wandering carabao caught sight of Sergeant Riley's neck, flushed as it was with triumph, and chased him up a tree, where he remained until noontime came and the carabao abandoned the sergeant in favor of his daily mud bath. I watched the sergeant for hours while he was in the tree, and listened to him as well. Much of the English I know now I learned from Sergeant Riley on that occasion. Until then, I had not known what a rich and charming language this English of yours really is.

BUT the army of Riley was soon to know much stiffer opposition than that furnished by the Azco country boys, who were armed only with cane-knives for the most part. Early one morning there sailed into the bay a number of vessels from Tempit, containing a hundred or more insurrectos chased from that city by a superior American force. These were not country boys, but well-armed Filipinos, American-trained to fight the Spaniards, and now turned upon their trainers.

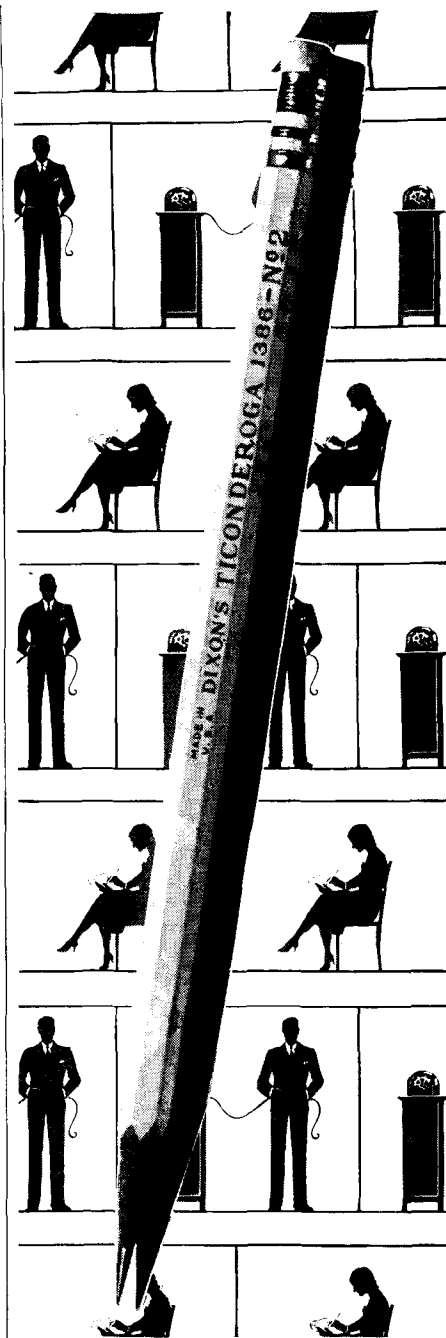
They landed quietly just before dawn and scattered to hide themselves among our houses for an hour or two, to recover from the rigors of the sea

(Continued on page 50)



"Got any mystery story where the cop solves the murder?"

George Shellhase

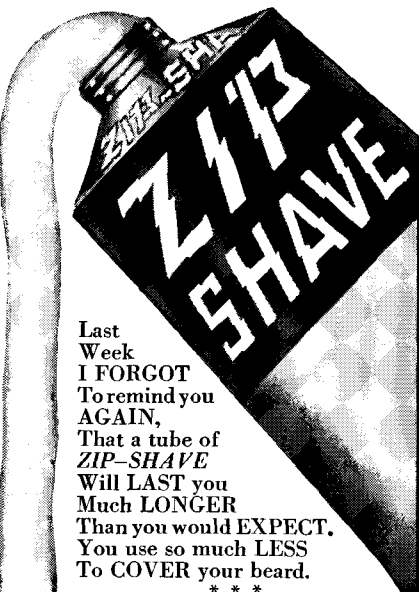


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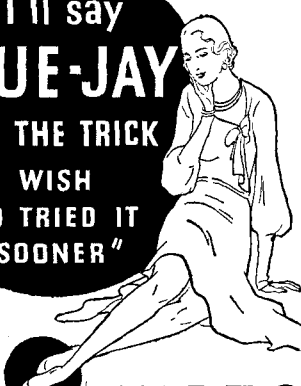


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(Continued from page 49)

before launching an attack on the American forces. Their idea was to surprise Sergeant Riley and annihilate his army of ten. Perhaps they would have succeeded, but, as I have said, we of Damatis were friendly neutrals and, besides, we had heard that the strong American force at Tempit was fighting its way north and would reach here within a week or ten days. Therefore, certain messengers at once made their way out toward the American barracks, with news of the arrival of the insurrectos.

THIS all happened thirty years ago and, being old, my memory may be dim, but I seem to recall that I was one of the messengers, nay, that I was the first of the messengers. I may be mistaken. In fact, if ever we do secure the looked-for independence, I'm quite sure that I'm mistaken, but for the present, and trusting to the well-known discretion of the Señor Medico, shall we say that I was the first to awaken Sergeant Riley and tell him the news?

"Good," he said, "I'll wake my men and we'll wipe them out before breakfast."

That is the way with you Americans, always in a much greater hurry than the Good One above ever intended man to be. As well as I could I explained to the sergeant that these were not Azco country boys who would tremble at the sound of a shot, but soldiers who were, moreover, well armed and numbered at least a hundred.

"In that case," the sergeant said, "perhaps I'd better reconnoiter."

He came back to town with me and, by peeping here and peeping there, he caught sight of several of the new arrivals, and what he saw bore out what I had told him, for I could see his face grow serious and thoughtful. As we were on our way back to the barracks he said to me:

"I don't suppose you know what they plan to do."

"But, yes," I assured him. "They plan to assemble in the plaza at the stroke of eight, which will mean eight-thirty at the earliest, and then march out and surround the barracks, delivering a volley into it from all sides which will annihilate you."

"How nice," he said, but from the look on his face I do not think that he meant that it would be nice. How, Señor Medico, could it be nice for eleven men to have themselves shot in the full flower of their youth? Manifestly, the sergeant was saying words that he did not think.

But that he was thinking deeply about something is clear from the fact that, but for a shout of warning from me, he would most certainly have been trampled and gored by a charging carabao which happened to have seen his red neck. Even as it was it was a close thing as to which would reach the barracks first, the sergeant or the big one. The sergeant won by a narrow margin. He had become a very fine sprinter since coming to Damatis. While an angry carabao can run fast, as you yourself, Señor Medico, can attest, I, Tomaso, am a witness that a sergeant, particularly a sergeant whose hinder parts have once felt the stinging swath of a big one's horn, can run even faster.

Sergeant Riley was still puffing when I arrived at the barracks.

"That gives me an idea," he said to me. "How many carabaos can you assemble in José Amilcado's field at the outskirts of town by eight-thirty?"

"Fifty, or perhaps sixty," I replied. The sergeant paled and winced, but his voice was steady as he replied:

"Good. As you value your life, Tomaso, have them there at that time.

And," he added, as I started about this peculiar business, "don't feed them any breakfast. I want them to be plenty mad."

I did not know then, having departed at once on my strange mission, but I found out later that the sergeant, immediately I left, disposed his army of ten in strategic places about the town, almost under the noses of the sea-sick, but rapidly recovering, insurrectos.

All the big ones of the surrounding countryside did I gather in the field of José Amilcado, wondering the while for what queer American purpose this was being done. Moreover, in accordance with orders, I had told their owners not to feed them, and there was no more foliage in José Amilcado's field than there is milk of human kindness in José Amilcado's heart—he who only yesterday refused me, Tomaso, a drink. They were most nervous, then, these big ones, and quite ready to be angry.

Promptly at eight-thirty I saw the sergeant coming from town, and I went to meet him.

"The insurrectos are forming," he said; "are your carabaos all there?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Are they mad?"

"You have only to look, my sergeant," I said as we neared them. He looked.

"Holy Mother!" he cried, for, although we were still to their windward, there was something about the sergeant that enabled the big ones to tell when he was anywhere in their vicinity, and all of them were milling about, tossing their horns and sniffing the air and giving that squeak of a frightened mouse which is all the noise they can make, even when angry.

The sergeant paled and for a moment I thought he was going to turn and run for the barracks. But no.

"If you want to see some fun, Tomaso," he said hoarsely, "hurry to cover some place from where you can see the plaza."

Then, to my consternation, he suddenly ran into the road that leads past José Amilcado's field, and into the plain sight of the big ones!

Now in this herd of big ones there were probably not more than two or three who had not chased the sergeant into a tree, to the barracks or into the house of a lady acquaintance, of whom he had many. So it was that they simply stood, stricken with surprise at such unheard-of audacity. But not for long. With the joy of the chase in their eyes and with the horn of each itching for a soft spot in the sergeant's carcass, they charged, jostling each other in their eagerness to be at him. He waited until they were almost upon him, then turned and ran for his life, with the herd in full pursuit.

THIS much I saw, and groaned thereat, ere I hurried by a short cut to the plaza. From the thunder of hoofs that reached my ears I judged that the sergeant and the big ones were going around the long way, past the house of the Widow Redesquez, the same widow whom I courted in my youth.

From my perch on the cathedral steps I had just time to see the insurrectos lined up, preparatory to marching out to annihilate the Americans. Then all eyes, including my own, were turned to the Calle Gallerino, down which, toward the plaza, the sergeant was coming in great leaps, with the carabao herd in full pursuit.

Then, as now, at the corner where the Calle Gallerino joins the plaza there stood the cantina of Arturo Espinoza, the stingiest man in all Damatis, a man who never gives an old one a free drink, a man who—ah, thank you, Señor Medico, thank you a thousand times; I've

always said that you were the most generous man in all Damatis.

The sergeant? Oh, yes. As I have said, the cantina of Arturo Espinoza stood at the corner where the Calle Gallerino joins the plaza. Sergeant Riley knew the cantina well, and he knew, moreover, that it was of very strong construction and could withstand even the charge of a herd of the big ones.

The carabaos were almost upon him as he reached the cantina. His eyes were protruding and he was breathing hard. There were only a few more steps left in him when, with a desperate lurch to the right, he flung himself through the door and out of the path of the charge. Whether they willed it or no, the force of their rush carried the big ones out into the plaza.

Until now the insurrectos, still in neat company formation, had paid little attention to the big ones, being city-bred and accustomed only to the gentle carabao of the streets, who is as different from his country cousin as is the harmless taxi of Señor Blanco from the great snorting busses that climb the road to Baguio, and which will be the death of me yet, if ever I lose another atom of my agility.

The big ones poured into the plaza, those behind pushing those before, and they crashed into the insurrectos and scattered them about. The insurrectos were from the city and, no doubt, they have a different smell from the clean smell of the citizens of Damatis, which you may have noticed, Señor Medico. The carabaos, in their rage at the loss of their prey, milled madly about in the plaza, caring not upon whom they trampled.

THE insurrectos were not slow to realize that they were dealing here with a different breed of big ones, and they stopped not to argue. For the glory of the motherland they were quite prepared to meet Americans, in smaller numbers, but maddened carabaos were not in the bargain, and they fled incontinently, hastened by the fire of the American army of ten scattered along the way they must follow to their boats. Nor did they hesitate until they had reached their boats and were well out to sea. The Americans, all but Sergeant Riley, stood on the beach to watch them over the horizon, and then all of us trooped back to the plaza.

The carabaos, all but one, had dispersed by now to attend to the important matter of breakfast. That one, an unusually fine bull, was standing quite near the door of the cantina, from which Sergeant Riley, all unaware, was emerging. We yelled, and the sergeant saw the bull, but not in time to duck back into the door of the cantina. The bull had shrewdly cut off his retreat in that direction. With a whoop the sergeant made for the municipal flagpole, which stands in the center of the plaza. With more agility than one would give a monkey credit for, he climbed to the top of the pole while the bull pawed the ground underneath and glared with insane menace at the neck of Sergeant Riley, which was as red as the peppers that grow in the fertile fields of Bento.

One of the Americans, still flushed from the successful battle, raised his gun to shoot the bull, but the sergeant, with a great yell and many bad words which I cannot say to you for fear of the wrath of the good padre come Sunday, stopped him.

"But he might stay there all day," the soldier protested.

"Let him," the sergeant said.

Then, wrapping his arms and legs tighter around the pole, as if in preparation for a long stay, with an air of great finality he added:

"From now on, me and carabaos is buddies."

Newton D. Baker's Measure

Continued from page 8

Baker who selected Pershing, and Baker who swept aside the contention that we should content ourselves with merely sending men across the water to serve in the French and British armies. The order that he laid down for General Pershing's direction was that "the forces of the United States must at all times be considered a separate and distinct component of the combined forces, the identity of which must be preserved."

Marshal Joffre, like the Germans, never counted on an American army of any size, while ex-President Roosevelt bitterly attacked the Department of War for not "straining every energy" to send over 500,000 men in 1918, "or any part of 500,000 men which we could ship." What quiet Mr. Baker did was to ship 2,000,000 men to France in 1918, four times the Roosevelt estimate. Quite an achievement for one who, to quote his own whimsical confession to President Wilson, had never even played with lead soldiers as a boy.

The Maximum of Efficiency

The Secretary of War was about the only high Washington official who did not go in for golf or throwing a medicine ball before breakfast, but by general agreement he was rated as representing the maximum of human efficiency. His day began at eight o'clock in the morning and ended at midnight, and his Sundays were usually given to the study of the progress charts handed to him every week-end. Vast as was the mighty war machine under his control, there were no details that he did not watch.

Hard-bitten Enoch Crowder, Judge Advocate General, gruffly admitted that the Secretary knew as much about army law as he did himself. General March, Chief of Staff, bore testimony to Mr. Baker's amazing grasp of military matters, and captains of industry barging into his office rather contemptuously invariably came out with slack jaws and goggling eyes. No less personages than Henry P. Davison and John D. Ryan confessed that some of their best

ideas fell to pieces under Mr. Baker's critical analysis, Mr. Ryan ruefully admitting after one such interview, "That's the worst licking I ever had."

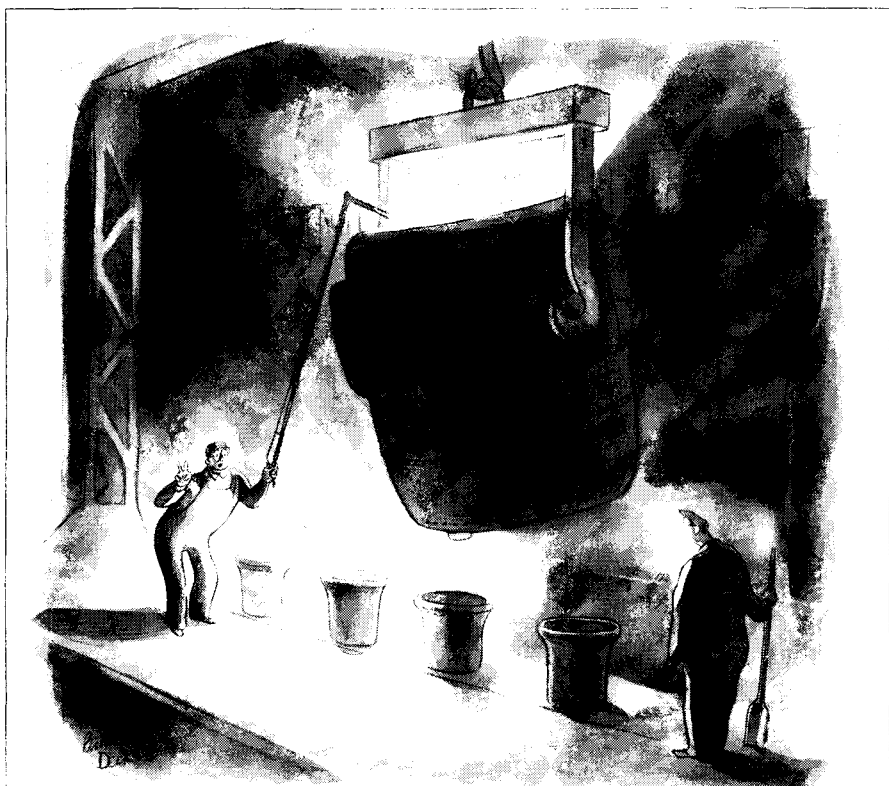
His principal asset, of course, was a mind that had the drive and precision of a high-g geared machine. Out in Cleveland they love to tell a story about Newton Baker that dates back to the time when the city took over the private street-car companies under a lease. The contract was necessarily complicated, and eminent attorneys each took a whack at it, only to bog down before they had gone far. At last Tom Johnson, squirming impatiently in his chair, turned to the quiet, unassuming city solicitor and said, "Oh, hell, Newt, go on and tell 'em how to do it." And Newt did, brushing aside everything that had been attempted, dictating from start to finish without a pause, and turning out a document that was never altered in any particular.

Washington was given a taste of this quality in that black month of January, 1918, when the Secretary of War went before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, demanding the right to answer the wholesale charges of failure that bade fair to break down America's morale. For a full day he occupied the stand, and without a note, without once referring to a chart or tabulation, he recited the War Department's record from the first, never halting for a fact or figure although he dealt in billions of dollars and millions of men. It was not only an intellectual feat that stirred even bitter partisans to admiration, but his proof of tremendous achievement was crushing in its conclusiveness.

What critics claimed had been left undone was shown to have been done months before, far beyond expectation.

Another one of Newton Baker's assets, never more conspicuously displayed than during the war years, is an utter absence of vanity. It is the job he thinks about, not what people think about him, and as a result of this absolute unconcern he wastes neither time nor energy in replying to the malignancies that

(Continued on page 52)



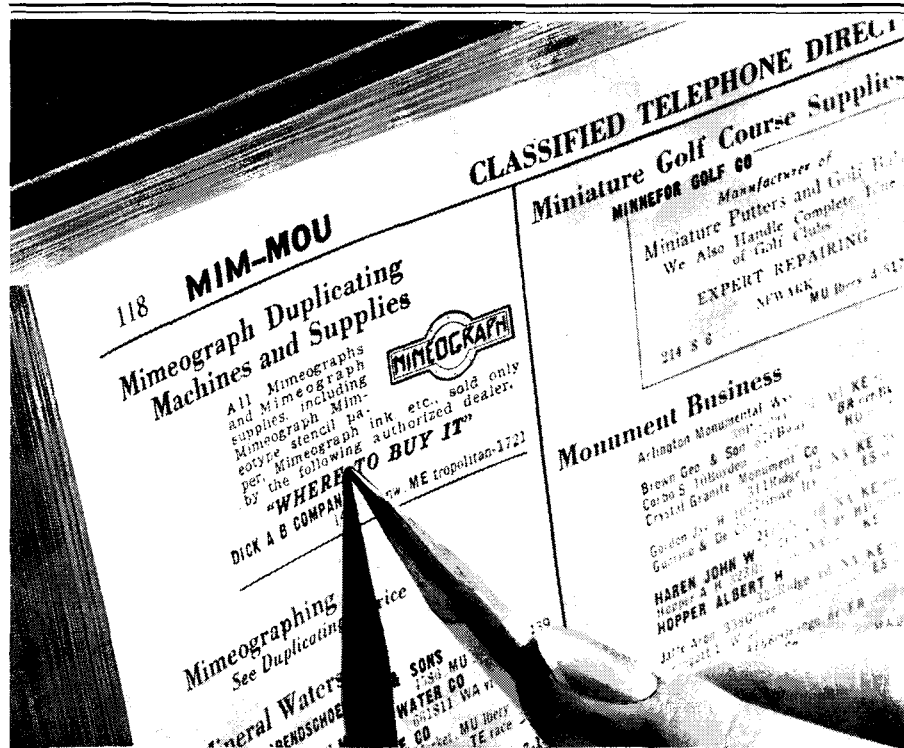
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ABET

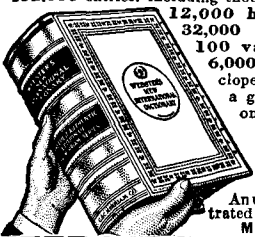
Grew from the Baiting of Wild Animals

From the ancient sport of bear baiting, the English language has taken an exciting word and fitted it to a milder use. *Abet* goes far back to an Old German or Scandinavian origin that conjures up a picture of hardy men going to the chase with their packs of hunting dogs. Icelandic *beitu* meant "to feed" or "to hunt" with dogs. Low German *betan* meant "to cause to bite." Probably from these sources the Old French derived its word *beter* meaning "to bait" a bear, and *abeter*, "to excite or incite," which is the immediate source of our own *abet*. No longer applied to animals, it signifies in English the encouraging or inciting of persons and, in modern language, is used chiefly in a bad sense. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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(Continued from page 51)

make public life so much a mud bath. In the first Washington days, before those around him had come to a very genuine admiration of Baker's rare ability, many of the War Department's dollar-a-year men joined in the daily business of sneering and jeering at their chief, a patent disloyalty that angered his friends no little.

"Kick 'em out," we urged, citing notorious instances of ugly backbiting, but our answer was a stare of amaze.

"What for?" he asked. "They're doing their jobs, aren't they? And I can't possibly conceive that being forced to like me is any part of their duty."

Passing the Buck to Baker

As a matter of truth, he always seemed to feel that it was a stroke of luck when attack centered on him rather than on any of his subordinates, actually rejoicing in the rôle of scapegoat and regarding it as a privilege to be the buffer between public irritation and department heads burdened by heavy duties.

At the time when he was being assailed on every hand for keeping Leonard Wood at home, associates insisted that he let people know that General Wood was in the United States because General Pershing did not want him in France.

"Certainly not," replied the Secretary. "At all costs the commander in the field must be guarded against the hurt of controversy."

There was also the regrettable occasion when Franklin Lane, unwittingly enough, entered into a price-fixing arrangement with the coal operators. Mr. Wilson, coming to examine the figures, felt that they were far too high, and made up his mind to set the agreement aside, whereupon Secretary Baker, called in for consultation, pointed out the tumult that would ensue if the Chief Executive rebuked and overruled a member of his Cabinet.

"Let me do it," he urged. "As chairman of the Council of National Defense, such action is within my power." And do it he did, accepting weeks of vicious railing without a murmur. As a matter of truth, his habit of bearing derision, falsehood and abuse without seeming to turn a hair led to a somewhat general belief that he did not feel attack. I had that idea myself until an evening when he let his mask fall.

"Not mind it?" he said. "Why, if I took out my heart you'd find it covered with heelprints."

It is a very definite philosophy of life, together with an absolute lack of personal vanity, that makes for his well-nigh incredible serenity of temper. No man has deeper convictions or feels more strongly, but never has he allowed himself the luxury of storming or raging.

"Calling a man a liar," he argues, "proves nothing, and only adds to the difficulties of agreement. There is also the downright poison that comes from irritations and angers. My self-control," he laughed, "is what does away with the need of golf."

Both in Cleveland and in Washington, the hour of successful achievement generally found him in the background, pushing forward his associates and beaming happily when he heard the cheers that greeted them.

An appearance of seeming to "promote" himself is about the only thing that ever shatters the profound Baker calm. When Frederick Palmer sat down to write America at War, he worried whether the Secretary should be referred to as Mr. Baker, plain Baker or Colonel Baker, and took the matter up with a friend. The friend in turn wrote Baker and received this answer:

"The 'Mister' problem is quite too much for me. When a man earns the right to be called 'Mister,' and later earns the right to have that appellation dropped, I cannot say. I have but two feelings in the matter. For heaven's sake, tell Palmer not to call me Colonel, and second, if the dropping of the Mister has any subtle implication that I am among the immortals, please tell him to print the Mister in each instance in larger type."

The modesty of the man, his capacity for self-effacement, never received better illustration than in his declination to accompany President Wilson to Paris as a member of the Peace Commission. With all his heart he wanted to go, for the task was one that fitted his tastes and his abilities, but as he looked about him and saw the vast drudgery of demobilization, he shook his head. "It seems best," he said, "to stay here and clean up the job."

And stay he did, right up to March 4, 1921, working even harder than in the war years, for in addition to the crushing detail, there were the countless investigations meanly designed to tarnish the glory of a great achievement. To sustain the charges of wholesale corruption hurled by partisans, more than fifty separate probes were instituted, and upward of \$3,000,000 spent in the employment of extra legal aid for the prosecution and imprisonment of "thieves and plunderers." Serenely as always, Mr. Baker faced inquisition after inquisition, and what had been confidently planned as his ruin resulted in overwhelming vindication.

America's war expenditures were at a rate of \$1,500,000 an hour, yet after some six years of ceaseless effort to uncover fraud and theft, the outcome was two convictions and two pleas of guilty. A man in Texas stole an old truck valued at \$2,400; another accepted a "commission" for approving an order for skid chains; a third pilfered enough government property to warrant a fine of \$100, and a fourth was found guilty of falsehood in applying for a passport. Scores of other indictments, given noisy publicity at the time of their return, were dismissed quietly, almost secretly, only James Cameron, director of Investigators and Accounts for the Department of Justice, having the decency to admit that "it was unfortunate so many charges of fraud were given circulation involving reputable men."

A Semi-Private Citizen

The happiest day of Newton Baker's life was when he finished his term, turned his back on the last inquisitor and left Washington for a little rented apartment in Cleveland. He was virtually penniless, to be sure, after twenty years in office, and at fifty he faced the prospect of beginning a new professional career, but he had for consolation the thought that public life was behind him, and that now, at last, he would be able to order his days along the lines of his youthful desire.

As it happens, things have not turned out exactly in accordance with his wish. He has had time for the law, of course, building up a large and profitable practice, but the people of Cleveland, out of their pride and trust in him, make many demands. There was the year that he had to serve as president of the Chamber of Commerce, and while he has since managed to escape such sentences, he is not able, nor is it his wish, to win free from the countless requests for speeches. No public question arises that Newt isn't asked to give his views, and as a consequence he is on record with respect to every vital issue before the country today.

As early as 1926 he made the prophecy that it was only a question of time

when Germany would refuse further reparations payments, and that the world might as well quit worrying and nagging and face the inevitable. As for war debts, he thinks it perfectly plain that as European nations cannot pay in money, and are kept from paying in goods by our tariff barrier, common intelligence indicates some quick and permanent settlement based upon the realities of the situation. The one-year moratorium, in his opinion, was an aggravation rather than an abatement, postponement merely continuing the paralysis of international credit.

Many people imagine that his share in the Wickersham Report, when he came out flatly in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, was his first declaration on the liquor question. As a matter of fact, he made the following statement in 1928:

"I am not and never have been a prohibitionist. I thought the Eighteenth Amendment wrong at the time it was passed, and still think it wrong. My reasons for this are two. In the first place, I do not believe the Constitution of the United States is the place to legislate. That document ought to declare great principles and donate power to Congress as the legislative branch, leaving the power flexible so that legislation under it could be progressively responsive to an enlightening public opinion.

The Death of Temperance

"In the second place, the studies of a lifetime have convinced me that, while there may be some ethical gains from legislation, the major ethical gains of life are from self-discipline, and I, therefore, have been deeply grieved to see the habit of temperance, which was growing among us in response to our increased intellectual and moral growth, cast to the winds in an attempt to secure by arbitrary prohibition what at best is reluctant and resentful obedience to a law.

"Certainly something must be done to relieve us of the present tragic conditions in which the most self-respecting, educated and cultured part of our community is in open rebellion against a law of the United States, and is lending its countenance by trafficking with bootleggers to the building up of a new class of criminals and to a growing anarchy of disregard for all law."

He is still a pacifist, or, rather, more of one than ever, facing the American Legion with this statement of belief: "I am a pacifist in my hope; I am a pacifist in my prayers; I am a pacifist in my belief that God made man for better things than that civilization should always be under the blight of war's increasingly deadly destruction." As he proved in Washington, however, in his pacifism there is no room for non-resistance. "Peace," he says, "will not come merely by wishing for it. We must work for it. We must even be willing to fight for it." So today, as in 1916, he regards sane preparedness as wise and necessary for the protection of a people's liberties.

For years a story has been going the rounds that Mr. Baker was rigidly committed to the League of Nations by reason of a deathbed promise made to Woodrow Wilson. It is a tale absolutely without truth. Newspaper headlines to the contrary, ever since the defeat of John Davis in 1924 he has had the conviction that America's entrance into the League of Nations was no longer in the field of practical political consideration. His statement of January 27th of this year was in no sense designed to remove a stumbling-block in the way of his candidacy, as some said, but an honest correction of misstatements concerning his true position.

If, by his own fiat, he could take the United States into the League today, he would not do so, believing that it would be a criminal mistake until there is an informed and convinced majority sentiment back of the action.

As an advocate of world disarmament and world peace, he is, to be sure, in favor of the highest possible degree of international concert. Aside from these two tremendous idealisms, he holds that the economic reconstruction of the world can only be brought about by international coöperation. A way must be found to tear down the high tariff barriers, first erected by the United States and since put up by all other nations, either in imitation or retaliation. He views the world as interlocked and interdependent, and to him the idea of isolation is as ancient, absurd and outworn as flintlock rifles and the Pony Express.

Standing Up for Public Rights

As president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, he braved the outcry of both capital and labor by a courageous insistence that the public had a paramount interest in industrial disputes, and that it was high time for the embattled forces to recognize this public interest. What he stood for was some fair form of collective bargaining that would "create an industrial relationship in which the primary right of organization on both sides will be recognized, and an atmosphere of coöperation in the public interest substituted for class war in disregard of the public interest." Samuel Gompers debated the issue with him furiously, yet when the great labor leader buried his wife, it was Newton Baker whom he asked to say the last words.

Mr. Baker believes in public ownership of natural resources, and is particularly insistent with respect to water power. The manner of its utilization, whether by the public authority or lease to a private company, does not appeal to him as the vital matter. What he wants first of all is a clean-cut establishment of the principle, and then the application of the principle can be considered safely.

Coming to the present lamentable depression, Mr. Baker has spoken often and to the point. As he sees it, America tried to spend herself rich, and realized too late that it couldn't be done. The cure, in his opinion, lies in getting

down to brass tacks, and recognition that we must cut with regard to our cloth. The nation, the states, the cities and individuals have all got to go in for a balanced budget. Income must be coaxed up, but most important of all, outgo must be pared down. Legislation offers no short cut to prosperity. As firmly as Governor Ritchie he believes in the decentralization of government.

Some prophets may be without honor in their own country, but it's not that way with Newton Baker. Cleveland esteems him as her First Citizen, holds him in affection as well as admiration, and mournfully regrets his refusal to enter the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination, fully convinced that he's the best man for the place. The radicals think that maybe Newt is a bit too conservative, and the conservatives feel that maybe Newt is a bit too radical, but all agree that he has truth, strength, steadfastness and administrative genius of the highest order.

"One of the few really first-class minds in the country today," says Colonel Leonard Ayres, and the lean, hard-boiled statistician actually takes on a faint glow of enthusiasm as he talks of Mr. Baker. "During the war," he continued, "I used to hand him a sixty-page report of War Department progress every Saturday night, and then I sweated all day Sunday over my own work so as to match him for quick and accurate knowledge on Monday morning. It's not only that he has a passion for facts. Any fool can have that. Newton Baker also has the intellect to find facts, retain them and relate them. What with his brains, his courage, his perfect balance, his single-minded regard for the public good, he has every quality demanded of the great administrator."

Those closest to Newton Baker have no doubt of his sincerity when he says that he is not a candidate and does not wish to be considered as a candidate. This regret, however, is not unalleviated by hope, for they know that if the nomination does come to him, unsolicited and without stimulation, he will take it. Not the least of his deep convictions is that the people's service is above private and personal considerations, and at various times in the course of his adult life he has said firmly, if somewhat sadly, that no citizen worthy of the name has the right to evade the call of public duty.

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Cut Out the Dead Wood

IF ANY man living thirty years ago had prophesied the variety and extent of the taxes about which we now grumble but which we pay, he would have been denounced as a Communist, a dangerous agitator and an enemy of the Republic.

As a matter of fact, Joseph H. Choate, who persuaded the United States Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional the income-tax law enacted by the Democratic and Populist majority in 1894, did describe the income-tax advocates in just such terms.

The great Mr. Choate said that "now or never" the "Communist march" must be stopped, and the Supreme Court did what it could to stem the tide when by a five-to-four decision it declared income-tax levies unconstitutional.

The New York Sun acclaimed the judges, saying, "Thanks to the court our government is not to be dragged into Communist warfare against the rights of property and the rewards of industry."

The relief did not last long. William Jennings Bryan clamored for an income-tax constitutional amendment. Theodore Roosevelt by 1907 came to approve it as a means of leveling the inequalities of property and, finally, William Howard Taft, then President and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, induced Congress to send the amendment to the states. Another Democratic Congress under Woodrow Wilson made the law effective.

Swiftly it has grown. Not only the Federal government but many of the states have adopted the principle which just a generation ago seemed to be the very expression of Communism. Even in those states which hitherto have avoided income levies, such laws are in prospect because of the necessity to lighten the burden on land.

Income taxes, like all other taxes, are unpleasant but, justly and intelligently distributed, they have many plain advantages. One of these advantages is that the taxation is direct and visible. The taxpayer knows what he is giving up. He sees the money go and accordingly his interest in how it is to be spent is enormously quickened.

We shall have to pay taxes to the extent of our incomes and many are finding the burden hard to bear. In the long run, however, good will result from these increasing rates if present irritation can be translated



into a constructive attack upon the swollen costs of government.

Unquestionably government costs too much. We have too many tax-eating governmental agencies. It has been estimated that there are as many as 500,000 separate governmental units in the United States.

The Federal government is poorly organized. Every President and every Congress for the last twenty years have been conscious of the opportunity to save money and increase efficiency by consolidation of bureaus and elimination of obsolete agencies.

Nothing has been done because it was politically inexpedient to do anything. Salaries are political perquisites even though the jobs are useless. And salaries have been used by both parties, when they were in power, to strengthen and perpetuate the party machine.

A few states have reorganized and simplified their governmental structure. The men responsible, Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, Alfred E. Smith of New York, Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, the young Governor Russell of Georgia, quickly won national fame by their accomplishment.

The governmental structure of most of the states, and even to a greater degree of

the counties and other small units is, however, tragically wasteful. We have, in truth, oxcart government in an age of motor cars and airships. Yet local government absorbs about five billions of tax money every year.

We groan as we make out checks to pay the Federal government the taxes this week. We shall groan still more loudly as we get around to the larger levies in prospect. We shall groan effectually if we insist at this time of retrenchment that our various governmental divisions put into effect those economies of operation so long needed in the interest of efficiency as well as of saving.

Government will continue to be costly because of the careless extravagance of other years. Debts have been accumulated and debts must be paid. Essential services must and should be maintained. The inescapable burden will be heavy enough.

Surely there is no justification for continuing the needless squandering of taxes to provide unnecessary political jobs. Inform Congress, legislatures and county officials that the dead wood must be cut out and we shall be surprised to see how quickly they can act once they are convinced voters mean business.

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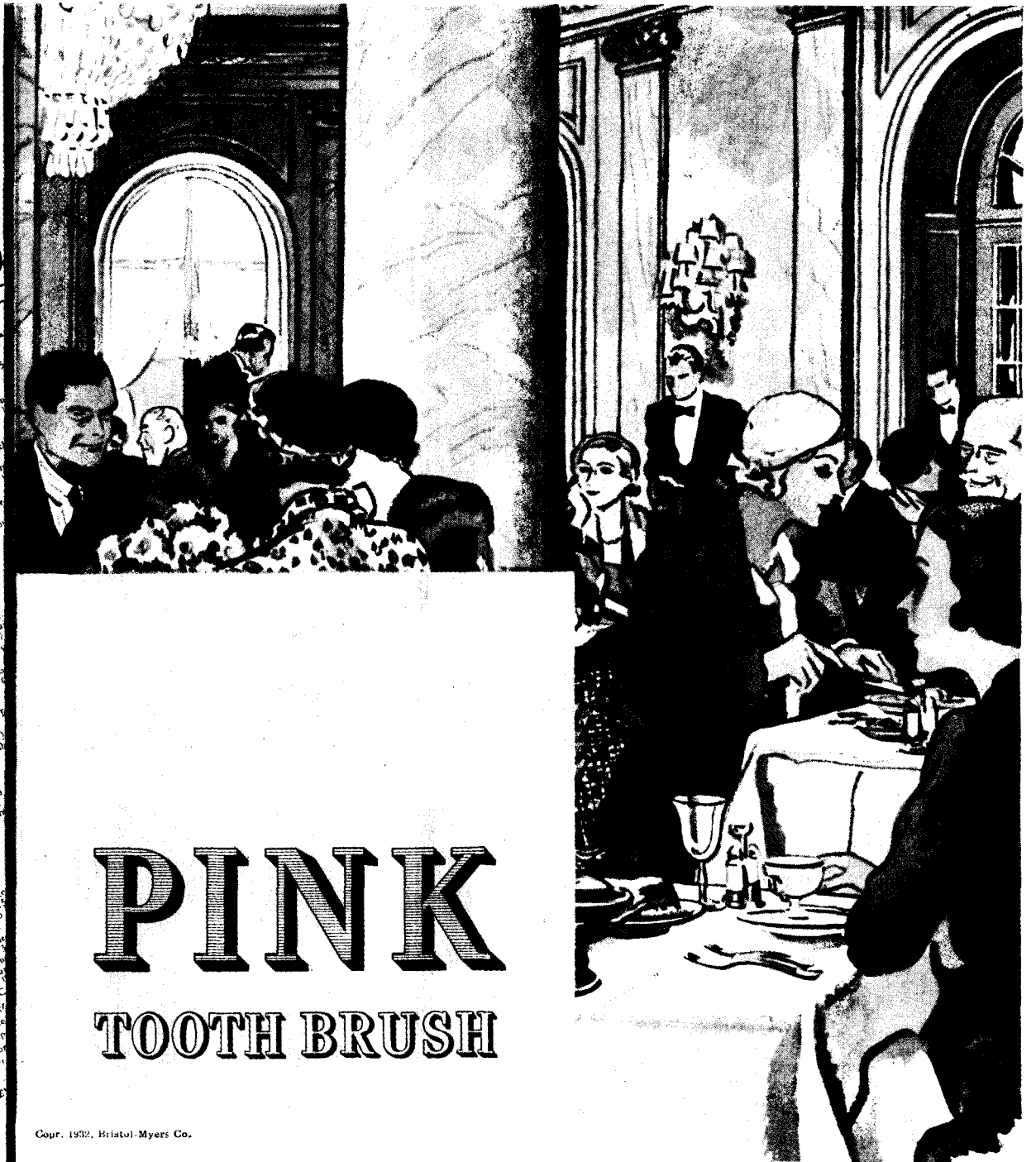
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